Saturday Review

DECEMBER 28, 1957 / 25¢

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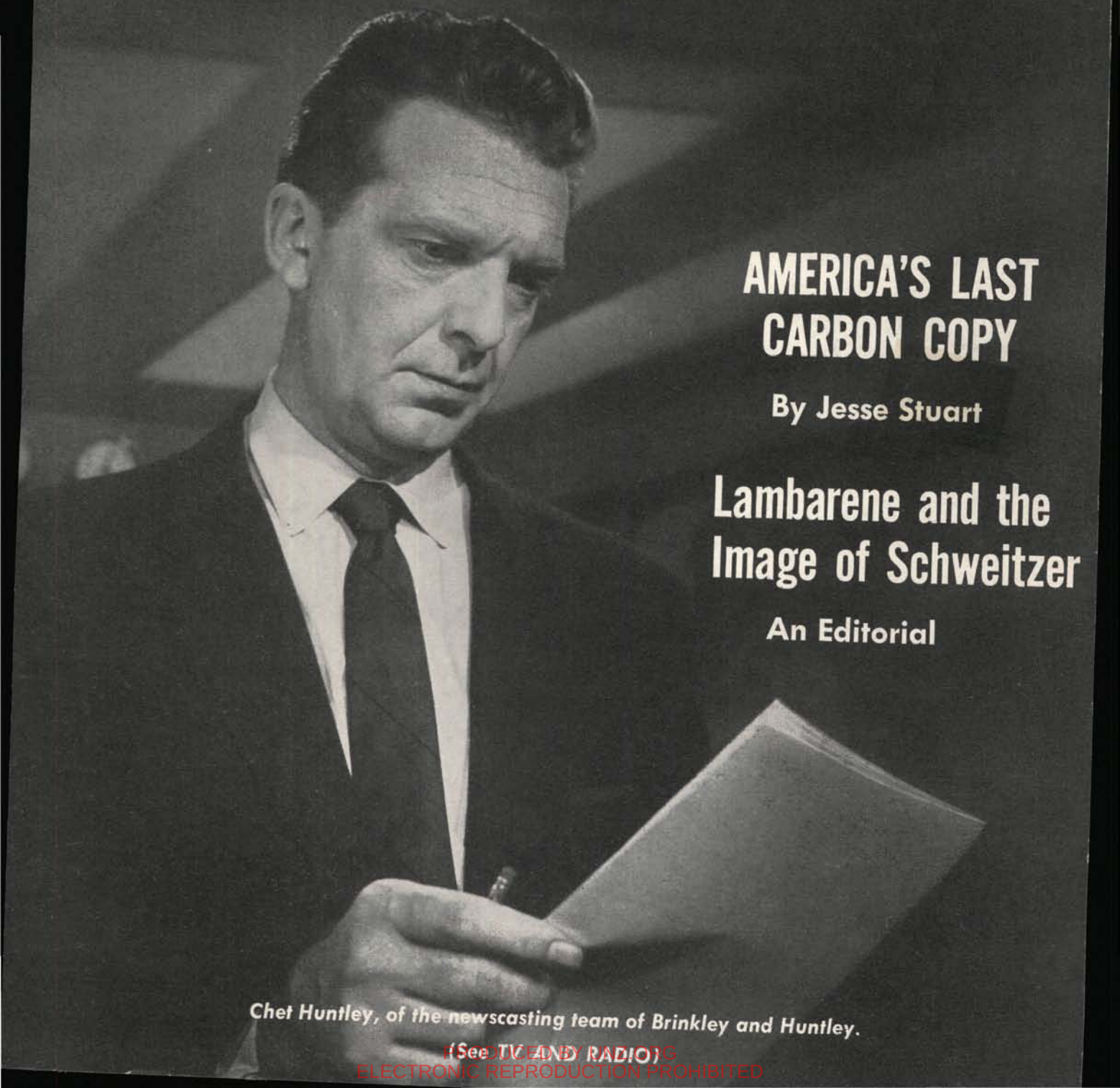

AMERICA'S LAST CARBON COPY

By Jesse Stuart

Lambarene and the Image of Schweitzer

An Editorial

Chet Huntley, of the newscasting team of Brinkley and Huntley.

(See TV AND RADIO)

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"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord *is* the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Find the strength for your life...

WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

"I have never known a man to have faith in himself," goes an American adage, "unless he *first* has faith in God."

It takes such courage to face life . . . greater courage than any of us has alone. It takes such strength to accept success humbly, to overcome setbacks . . . greater strength than any of us has alone.

And yet the world is full of unacclaimed heroes and heroines . . . men and women who have, in the course of their lives, faced seemingly insurmountable obstacles and griefs. Faced them, and conquered them. If they were the kind of people who *talked* about themselves, they'd tell you . . ."I never could have done it without the help of God."

The strong Faith they called on to help them can be yours. Build such a Faith for yourself. Make it the firm foundation of your family's security and happiness. Begin this week to worship together at your Church or Synagogue. *There* you'll find the strength for your life.

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The Saturday Review

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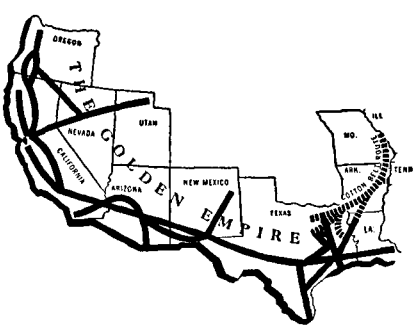
Idea-mining at S. P.

Southern Pacific never stops prospecting for ways to provide better railroad equipment, facilities and service, and we're making good use of modern research methods.
For instance, three years ago we called on Stanford Research Institute to help us work out a device for extra protection of fragile freight.
Bonanza result in 1957:
S. P.'s unique, new Hydra-Cushion Underframe Car, which uses hydraulic pressure to cushion impact during car coupling.
We've built 350 of these cars, and they're a proved boon to shippers of fragile products.



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TRADE Winds

IN CASE YOU wonder just how the word "sputnik" came about, it's a pure Russian word meaning "satellite." Its etymology is fairly simple: *s*, meaning "with"; *put*, meaning "journey"; *nik*, meaning "one who." Assembled, the parts fall together to mean roughly: "One who journeys with." And, incidentally, you're exactly correct when you pronounce the first syllable to rhyme with our own English word "put," meaning to *place*.

You'll be able to find this definition in the very next printing of Webster's New World Dictionary. We learned about this lexicographical enterprise, among others, on a recent visit to the New York office of World Publishing. Ben Zevin, president, spends about 25 per cent of his time in New York, the rest in the Cleveland home office, where World's own giant presses recently proved they could turn out as many as 800 copies of "Andersonville" an hour. (Since it takes a full acre of paper for 300 copies of the book, this would amount to about seventy acres of "Andersonville" a day—a considerable chunk of property.)

Zevin has been able to take the breadbasket branches of publishing—Bibles and dictionaries—and endow them with a creative flair which makes them exciting and newsworthy. World's Bibles run from a modest $1.25 to the Bruce Rogers World Bible in full red morocco at $225.00.

WE FOUND Bill Targ, vice president in charge of the trade department, deep in the middle of preparations for the spring sales conference. He was particularly enthusiastic about the forthcoming story of R. H. Macy's emporium "The Price Is Right," by Margaret Case Harriman; a new first novel by Betty Singleton, "A Note of Grace"; another first novel, "A Place Without Twilight," by Peter S. Feibleman; and a book by Ashley Montagu which can determine your "culture quotient," titled "The Cultured Man."

SINCE ASHLEY MONTAGU can always be depended on for a provocative statement, we talked to him about his concept for the book.

On the suggestion of Bill Targ, he had started the book in July, and had been working seven days a week, twelve hours a day since then trying to get it done. He had, as he often does, got up at three in the morning to consort with his muse, and found it, as usual, to be stimulating.

"Of course, this is just *my* idea of what a cultured man should be," he said. "I've got 1,500 questions in the book in fifty categories—and the reader can find out a rough score of where he stands in the spectrum. Not for the sake of competing, understand. Merely to know where to correct himself."

Could he answer all these questions before compiling the book?

"All but about ten," he told us.

Isn't the ideal cultured man colored and distorted by Montagu's own opinions?

"Absolutely. Completely. I have very *definite* ideas on the subject. Very *clear* ideas. But, of course, they are just mine. I believe in them strongly, however."

What would be one of the basic criteria?

"By all means, a cultured man should never be vague. It's a tendency you see everywhere. He must know a good many things and know them *definitely*. And he must also have a keen awareness of what he doesn't know."

What about giving people an inferiority complex if they feel inadequate to the C. Q. questions?

"If it starts them off on a search to learn more—what else could you ask?"

We shall wait, with a certain amount of trepidation, the publication of "The Cultured Man," with the keen awareness of the many things we don't know. They are legion.

THE STORY BEHIND the writing of MacKinlay Kantor's "Andersonville" is a story of publishing faith and patience.

Don Friede, senior editor at World, had been a long-time friend of Kantor's, knew his capacities and talents in depth when he represented Kantor as a literary agent in Hollywood.

For fifteen years the idea had been burning in Kantor's mind. He had visited the site of Andersonville in every season of the year, read every diary, book, news clipping, article which had ever been written about the site. So intense was his passion for the story that Zevin, Targ, and Friede finally decided to give him a contract and cash advance without a word down on paper.

Kantor went to Spain to stretch his money out longer. He kept in constant touch with Friede by phone, cable, and letter as the 320,000-word book began taking shape. Later he moved to Florida, where Kantor would read page after page of copy over the phone—always with the conviction that the book was going to be worth all this energy and more.

The results proved it.

But Editor Friede is even more excited about Kantor's new big novel for World. It will be almost one-third longer. As with "Andersonville," the subject matter and locale are things which he has known and been thinking about for years. But they are both top-secret. In fact, the contracts for the new book avoid the use of any title. The new book is actually referred to in these dignified legal documents as "Son of Andersonville."

Tim Kantor, MacKinlay's son, wasn't too keen on this working title.

"The least you could do for the pseudo-title," he said, "would be to call the damn thing 'Andersonville at Yale'!"

ELEANOR KASK, publicity director at World, was justifiably proud of the honorable mention she received at the Carey Thomas Award Luncheon for the promotion job she did on "Andersonville." Called upon to acknowledge this, she rose to say: "I feel I had a real advantage in getting to know the book so well. You see, I live with Don Friede, the editor for Mr. Kantor."

Toastmaster Fred Melcher of *Publisher's Weekly* flushed crimson.

"They're married," he quickly explained.

And they are.

WE HAD HOPED to pick up at least one new joke from Ben Zevin, whose tongue and wit are pleasingly sharp. But the forthcoming sales conference was probably too much for him.

"Call up Bennett Cerf," he said. "Get a joke out of him—and give me the credit!" —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1239)

(ETHEL) JACOBSON:
PLANES—CHRISTMAS EVE

Swifter than shooting star
The planes rip by—
Jets, by the splendid roar,
Hurtling mile-high through space
Above a wondering boy
With upturned face. . . .

Then they are gone, and only
Hill and boy and beast
Remain, and a beckoning star
Bright in the east.

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The Saturday Review
DECEMBER 28, 1957

Harlan County mountaineer taking his grandson to church.

AMERICA'S LAST CARBON COPY

By JESSE STUART, *poet and short-story writer, native Kentuckian, and former superintendent of schools at Greenup, Kentucky.*

IF OUR hill country changes as much in the next twenty-five years as it has in the last, this will be a new country. Only the contours of the hills, valleys, and rock cliffs will be the same. Or will they? A few of the hills have been sliced down by bulldozers and hauled off by carryalls to make airports, towns, and level farms. Even the surface of this country has been disfigured by heavy machinery. To give you an idea, the road from here to Harrogate, Tennessee, over which I walked and hitchhiked in the autumn of 1926 to Lincoln Memorial University, can speak of this change since the coming of heavy machinery. The distance from here to there was 307 miles when I first hitchhiked. Last year I drove to Lincoln Memorial over a straighter road with less hills. I drove over the same route I hitchhiked over, and the distance was 254 miles.

Our people have changed more than the road to Lincoln Memorial University. They have lost most of their dialect, music, dancing, and colorful ways of life. Unless one goes into the deep mountains he seldom finds a log shack by a river of singing waters or on a high, wind-swept hilltop. One finds brick, stone, and block houses all through the mountains now. Progress had to come. We couldn't stand a barrier to progress. We have, perhaps, changed more than any other regional segment of America.

My first short stories and first four books, published from twenty to fifteen years ago, are dated now. This is how fast life is changing with us. This is one reason I no longer use hill dialect. My early books, along with books of other writers of this region in the same period, will be studied someday in the near future for their odd dialects and expressions. There isn't any dialect left with our youngsters. Only a few of the people of our older generations speak with any dialect. Even the nice idioms of our strong hill language are disappearing. If there are ballads left among us, they should be gathered now. Most of these have been gathered. There might be some dialect spoken, some ballads, and some people who live the old ways of hill life left in areas cut off from progress. I know this area of hill and mountain country well. I don't know any of these places left. What has changed us so quickly?

THE good roads have reached us. Automobiles have brought, and are bringing, the outside world to us. And there isn't any stopping what comes through the airwaves. Radio has reached us for many years, but with radio we could only hear and not see. It was difficult to bring in TV over

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Religious Articles

By Donald Hall

BY the road to church, Shaker Village
glints with prosperity in an age
lacking Shakers. New signs hosannah:
RELIGIOUS ARTICLES RELIGIEUX,
and a new Ford waits to be drawn for,
in the Bishop's Fund, in November.

'I come to the garden alone,' where
old women's voices strain and quiver
to the organ one of them has played
for sixty years. The house which was made
for the farm Sunday lacks a preacher.
Ten women, two old men and I hear

a boy in the pulpit measure out
a brutal sermon. His sky-blue suit
took the diploma from high-school just
two months ago. The watch on his wrist
his cousin gave him ticks the time he
must wait for college, cloth, and city.

Among the dead of this village church
the old women's voices use the pitch
of the pumping organ to lean on;
light comes through the trees and the dark green
curtains speckled with holes, and light hits
the frayed red cloth of the cushioned seats.

I stand among the relics of childhood
and the century before. My dead
crowd me in the pew; I hear their thin
voices complain in a reedy hymn
of parch in the garden, of hunger
for rest, and of the things that there are;

"We who do not exist make noises
only in you. Your invention says
that we who are cheated and broken
croon our words to the living again.
You must not believe in anything;
you who feel cheated are crooning."

---

the mountains but this has been done by wire and cable. It has been piped over the high hills. Now with TV we see and hear. This, too, is progress. And we cannot stand still. We cannot remain the same while the great whirlwinds of progress blow around us. They have actually reached and changed us, a people slow to change.

With the coming of good roads to the backward mountain counties, our schools have been, and are still, in the process of being revolutionized. A move is on in my hill country to keep one of our sixty-two rural one-room schools as a relic for our youth of tomorrow to see. This year there will not be a one-room school in Greenup County. Despite our good teachers leaving for better pay in the surrounding, and more prosperous, states, elementary and secondary schools in the mountains of Virginia, West Virginia, East Tennessee, North Georgia, North Alabama, and East Kentucky have improved 500 per cent over what they were twenty-five years ago. Colleges have jumped in expansion and enrolment in the last thirty years over 400 per cent. What has caused all of this increase in college enrolment? Has it been caused by the increase in population?

This great movement in education has not been caused by excessive population. There are less people in many of our mountain counties than there were thirty years ago. There is not enough work for our people and they move away. They keep moving on to industrial areas in the North and the South. But more of our young people are waking up to the extent of the opportunities they have before them. Many of our older people, who have gone away in war or industrial work, see what they have missed and are going to college now or learning trades. Good roads are built past their doors. If not past their doors, the roads come very close. They don't walk to school anymore. Busses haul them now.

Good colleges are not far away, and many a mountain youth has been educated by the Federal Government. Now he takes his stint in service, returns, and enters college. He takes advantage of his G.I. Bill. He doesn't have to hitchhike to college. He can drive his own car. Things have changed. He can get an education. Twenty-five years ago a college graduate in a mountain county was some extraordinary person. Now college graduates are a dime a dozen in any mountain county in the states I have mentioned. Everybody is expected to finish the elementary school, if he is normal, and he's not considered very ambitious unless he finishes high school. If he is an average student he is expected to go to college to be trained in some profession.

Elementary, high school, and college educations have helped remove the dialect, erase the idioms, and change the people in the hills and mountains. College graduates now return to study what their ancestors did instead of their being the performers like their ancestors were. Our people, same as their ancestors, the Welsh, Irish, and Scottish, are filled with music. They are filled with the moods that made the old ballads. But they don't bother about the old ballads now except to collect and sing them to a few selected audiences where people are interested in our heritage. Our young people study music at colleges and universities the same as other youth of America. There isn't any difference now. They take voice too. They do not go about singing without any training like the old ballad singers I used to know. And, many of the hillbilly singers have trained voices. There aren't many "naturals" anymore.

PEOPLE made fun of our hill dances twenty-five years ago. Now those dances are popular all over this country. We inherited these from our distant ancestors and they have been popular with us since our ancestors tamed this wilderness. I remember how I used to have to hide out to dance square dances to the fiddle, guitars, and banjos when I was Greenup County School Superintendent in 1932 at the age of twenty-four. If any of my board members had known I was attending these dances this would have been irregular conduct and I might have been dismissed as county school superintendent. The

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way we danced these old dances without all the modern dress was something to see. I've never seen any groups who could do our dances as well as our own people. In the very early days men danced without their pistols being concealed. Now to see people doing these dances in strange costumes in person and over TV isn't very entertaining to a mountaineer who remembers the real thing of only a few years ago.

But our mountain youth seldom dance these dances anymore. They do the modern dances to the most modern tunes played by our orchestras. They learned the new dances at our large modern high schools and colleges. Our youth in the hills dance the same American dances, sing the same American songs as we found the youth all over America, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and many in the British Isles singing and dancing.

THIRTY years ago, before radios came here, people gathered on the courthouse square on Saturdays, played guitars, mandolins, banjos, autoharps, dulcimers, and sang the old ballads. On the Fourth of July and Labor Day, our two big holidays, they roped off the streets and square danced, sometimes for three days and nights. They wouldn't stop dancing. Cooner Bayes, in his sixties, once did a marathon hoedown on the courthouse square for three days and nights. Local authorities threatened to arrest him if he didn't stop dancing. He had torn up several square yards of the courthouse yard dancing in his brogan shoes. People danced and sang then but we paid no attention to the old songs and ballads. That would have been a good time to have collected them. Little did we know that this would be the last of a world our parents knew and loved and we had inherited. This is the ending of that world.

What happened first to change us? Young men left the hill counties for the Three C Camps over America. Here they met other boys from over America. This was small but it was the beginning of a big change. Then came more automobiles and more ambitious road programs. Hard-surfaced roads began to penetrate the most inaccessible rural communities. School busses began to roll over these roads. What, youth riding to school? Well, they were. It was a fact, even if it were unusual. Then the little one-room schools began to disappear. With the coming of good roads, our small schools were consolidated. Our country was beginning to get like other parts of America.

Then came World War II, when we fought a world on two fronts and supplied our allies with arms and food. There was work aplenty for every ablebodied man and woman. People left these hills never to return. They went north to Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and to the Pacific Coast. They went to all parts of America. When they left here one little town in Greenup County was almost wiped out. This town moved to Baltimore. The poolroom owner moved his poolroom. He operated it for Kentuckians working in Baltimore. This group took their preacher, their dogs, and all their tangible possessions they could load on trucks. Only a few of these have returned. Many have never come back. But those who came back had seen other things, people, places, and they brought home new ideas.

Those who returned from service from all over the world came home as world citizens. What they had seen had changed them. Even a few of them came back speaking slang hard for us to understand. Many who returned from the industrial North talked hurriedly. Our better and broader roads, our improved schools, radio, TV, and our people's seeing America and the world had really changed us even more. Everybody brought back modern ideas to the hills. They thought of themselves as being as modern as any youth in America. And they were.

Visit Berea College in Kentucky and Lincoln Memorial University in Tennessee, and see and talk with the students. These institutions of higher learning are filled with mountain youth from the mountain regions I have mentioned. Listen to their voices. See if you can find any dialect. See how little idiom remains in their speech. See how handsomely dressed they are in the newest fashions. You will find our finest mountain youth in these institutions. But you will not find them here only. Although these two institutions have good athletic programs, they do not overemphasize sports.

Our mountaineers, instead of feuding like our ancestors, are making the finest athletes in America. We have the fastest, most durable, and with the keenest eye for a basket of this nation's basketball players. They cannot all go to the University of Kentucky. Nor can our other state institutions accept all we have. They are going to other schools and returning to Kentucky to play against our institutions. Many of these players our institutions couldn't accept return with other out-of-mountain institutions to upset Kentucky's high-ranking teams. All over this nation they are playing basketball. They have excelled in football too.

But for how long will our young men be good athletes? Our fathers were rugged and powerful men. But

(*Continued on page* 29)

—Arthur Dodd, from Ewing Galloway.

Pine Mountain Settlement School, Harlan County, Kentucky—"the keenest eye for a basket."

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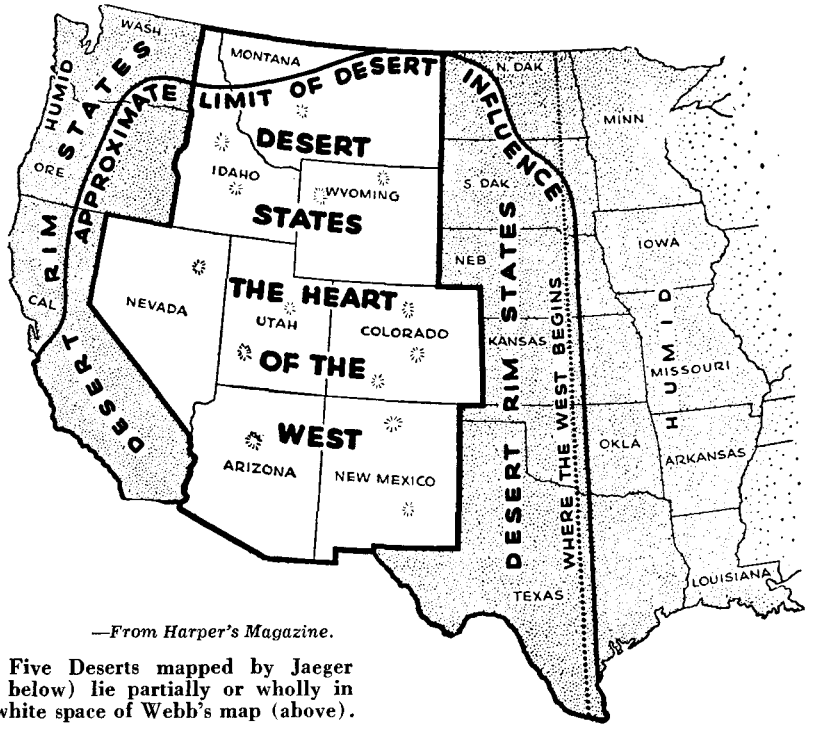
The Desert Is Its Heart



—*From Harper's Magazine.*

The Five Deserts mapped by Jaeger (see below) lie partially or wholly in the white space of Webb's map (above).

By WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB, *professor of history in the University of Texas; author of "The Great Plains."*

A YOUNG cowboy, with all his worldly possessions, his saddle, bridle, and blanket, stood beside a dim ranch road in the limitless desert hoping for something good to happen to him. It did; over the horizon rode an older cowboy leading two horses. One of the horses was soon saddled and the boy was on his way. Forever after he was devoted to his benefactor, saying it was difficult to dislike a man who "put a horse under my saddle."

I know exactly how that young cowboy felt. I feel the same way about Edmund C. Jaeger, who in his **"The North American Deserts"** (Stanford University Press, $5.95), put a mighty good horse under my saddle. I write these words in the mood of exaltation that the boy felt and that I feel with meeting such chance good fortune along the way.

Last May *Harper's* published an article of mine entitled "The American West: Perpetual Mirage." In this article I attempted to answer a question that has long puzzled thoughtful people: What gives the American West its special character? What makes the West distinctive? For two summers I drove its length and breadth to see what the land said to me. My conclusion was that the character of the West has been determined primarily by the fact that there is a great desert at its heart, and that the desert influence radiates from the center to the outer limits of the West. On a map I designated the eight central states as "desert" states and those to the east and west as "desert rim" states. I called attention to the fact that in the first half of the nineteenth century the histories and geographies spoke of the "Great American Desert" and mapped it. Finally I illustrated the influence of the desert, aridity if you please, by citing the facts of recent history, the thin population, lack of cities, absence of manufacturing, and the shortage of water. From the most reliable sources I pointed out that no Westerner has yet entered the Hall of Fame, that comparatively few appear in the "Dictionary of American Biography" or even in "Who's Who in America." Apparently my mistake lay in holding that the desert influences human beings and their history.

On the appearance of this article the western lid blew off right in my face. Western senators loaded the *Congressional Record* with their remonstrance. A leading western paper opened a full page editorial with this sentence: "Listen, Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, you better take off your glasses and your Ph.D. You've picked yourself a fight." Senators, governors, editorial writers, and chamber of commerce secretaries made life miserable for me.

PROFESSOR JAEGER has come to my rescue with "The North American Deserts." He put a good scientific horse under my historical saddle. Instead of finding one general desert in the West, he locates five and maps each of them. Two of them, the Chihuahuan and Sonoran, lie partly in Mexico, but they cover almost the whole of New Mexico and Arizona and southeastern California. The other three, Mohave, Painted or Navaho, and the Great Basin, lie wholly within the United States, covering all of Utah and Nevada and extending into Wyoming, Idaho, and Oregon. Though Professor Jaeger's maps depict the more arid regions—the true deserts—he makes it clear he is

THE WEST ACCORDING TO WEBB: The overriding influence that shapes the West is the desert. That is its one unifying force. It permeates the plains, climbs to all but the highest mountain peaks, dwells continuously in the valleys, and plunges down the Pacific slope to argue with the sea.

It has stripped the mountains of their vegetations, making them "rocky": it has dried up the inland seas, leaving Death Valley completely dry and Lake Bonneville a briny fragment in Great Salt Lake. It is the great designer of the American West, painting the landscape with color. It shortened the grass on its borders before destroying it in the interior. The trees it could not destroy it shriveled, and those it could not shrivel it petrified.

The desert designed the animals as it shaped the land. It compelled its creatures to conform to its colors, put horns on toads, made snakes travel sidewise to keep from sinking in the sand, created grasshoppers that fly five miles for a sprig of grass. It made them all parsimonious of water. The rabbits require little if any, the antelope do without for long periods, some rodents and plants (like the Joshua tree) manufacture and store their own. The little prairie dog is a desert masterpiece. He is a misnamed

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aware that the desert influence extends far beyond the limits of extreme aridity.

Are these deserts real or are they but pale imitations of first-class deserts found elsewhere? "Nowhere in the world," says the author, "is there as great a concentration of different types of desert climate as in western North America." The Asiatic deserts are reproduced in the Great Basin; Wyoming resembles the Gobi; the Mohave is like the Algerian Sahara; while the Chihuahuan suggests the Karroo and the Kaalahari. American deserts seem to go in respectable company. The author concludes that "one who has an intimate knowledge of all parts of the North American deserts will have a good understanding of desert climates in most parts of the world."

This excellent book—"the first on all five of the great deserts of the North American continent"—is sure going to come as a surprise to those Westerners who do not know, or will not admit that they live in or near the desert. But the author will not be subject to the bitter protest that poured over me. The reason is that he is a scientist, a biologist. He shows the effect the desert has had not on men but on plants and animals, and the last part of his book will be invaluable to any student who wants to identify the varied desert forms of life. It is quite satisfactory for the scientist to locate the deserts, to show how they have imposed such hard conditions on insects, plants, and animals as to produce different species and varieties especially adapted to the ordeal of living in an arid country. But when the historian or social scientist points out that the desert has a comparable effect on human beings, he commits an offense if not an error. The plants and the animals have made their concession to the desert, but men still deceive themselves by saying there is no desert.

squirrel, because the Americans who named him could not believe that a squirrel would live in a dugout.

Western history is brief as it is bizarre. It is brief because the time is so short and its material deficient. The historians make the best of what little they have. They write of cowboys as if they were noble knights, and the cowmen kings. They do biographies of bad men, of bad women, of gunmen, of miners. They blow the abandoned saloon into an art museum and Boot Hill into a shrine for pilgrims. In Montana Charlie Russell is better than Titian, and in the Black Hills Frederick Remington is greater than Michelangelo.

This talent for making the most of little has produced two strange Western societies, one good and one bad. The good society is that of the Mormons in Utah, a rejected people with a bizarre religion who created by their industry something admirable. The other society is Nevada, all desert, which, once its minerals were depleted, had little chance of prosperity. It solved its problem by creating an oasis of iniquity and license in a sea of moral inhibitions.

—*Walter Prescott Webb in* Harper's, *May 1957.*

The "Peculiar People"

"The Mormons," by Thomas F. O'Dea *(University of Chicago Press. 289 pp. $5), offers a survey of the cultural and social life of the unique group that created Utah. Our reviewer, Dale L. Morgan, is the author of "The Great Salt Lake."*

By Dale L. Morgan

THE Mormons have never echoed the poet Burns in asking of some power the gift to see themselves as others see them; they have instead labored mightily to the end that others should see them as they see themselves. Inevitably, books by Mormon writers have been marred by their inability to achieve an exterior view of their society; and books that are acceptable to the Mormon community are unreadable by anyone else. Yet non-Mormon writers have been no more successful in seeing Mormonism "steadily and whole"; when they have not been imprisoned in compulsive attitudes, they have been insufficiently interested to educate themselves into knowing what they are talking about. On the whole, the best books about the Saints in recent memory have come from men and women born of the Mormon-Utah culture, and not altogether free of it emotionally, who have nevertheless drifted far enough away intellectually to have attained some perspective.

Now an outside scholar named Thomas F. O'Dea, having no discernible emotional investment in Mormonism or Mormon life, has published perhaps the most sagacious book about the "peculiar people" yet written, a wholly thoughtful cultural and social inventory of Mormon life, thought, and belief. Presently a member of the faculty at Fordham, Mr. O'Dea is a product of that hybridization of anthropology, sociology, psychology, and philosophy from which has sprung recently a number of interesting sub-sciences concerned with social relations. He has put considerable time and effort into getting a first-hand acquaintance with the Mormon people.

Mr. O'Dea attempts, as he says, "to say what Mormonism is as a religious movement and to explore what conditions and events, what kinds of human decisions and effort have made it that. Moreover, [his book] sets forth the religious world view of the Mormons, showing what Mormons believe and how they see the world, as well as the relationship of this world view to the conditions of life under which Mormonism originated and developed. Finally, it tries to point up particular problems and dilemmas that have attended the Mormon development." These ambitious objectives he has measurably attained.

It is, of course, a commentary, not a work of primary fact-finding, that Mr. O'Dea has written. Where he has been able to lean heavily on a book of primary scholarship, as in the case of Fawn M. Brodie's "No Man Knows My History" (to which he is more deeply indebted than the notes to his opening chapters would make one think), he formulates generalizations with assurance. Where no one has done for him that bedeviled wrestling with sources from which alone a true reconstruction of Mormon history will finally emerge, he is less convincing. "The Mormons" is to be valued, however, not as a labor with sources but as a pioneer of contribution to synthesis.

The fact is that some parts of Mr. O'Dea's synthesis will inevitably require to be junked hereafter when basic fact-finding throws fresh light on some of his assumptions. But this does not invalidate the present utility of his book in organizing a whole point of view by which Mormonism may be looked at in the round. Mr. O'Dea presents Mormonism as the American microcosmos it really is.

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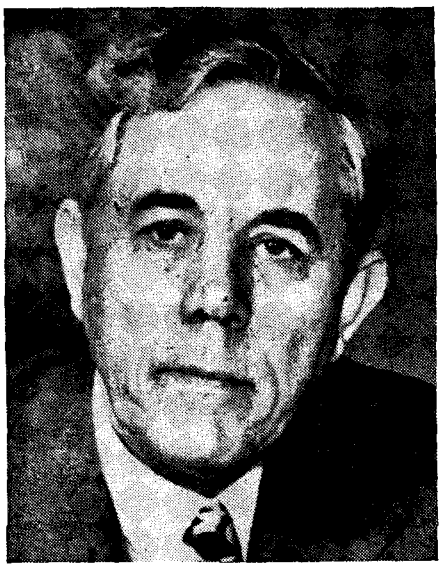

H. R. Cullen and Amon Carter—"started as poverty-struck kids."

Lusty Lone-Star Land

"The Truth About Texas," by Lewis Nordyke *(Crowell. 276 pp. $3.95), is a miscellany of yarns, anecdotes, and observations about the largest and most rambunctious of the states. Lon Tinkle, who reviews it here, is book editor of the* Dallas News.

By Lon Tinkle

LEWIS NORDYKE has been a well-known Texas newspaperman for two decades; ever since the Depression, he has been a professional watcher and recorder of Texas ways and behavior. Conflict and violence, as Nordyke points out in his new book "The Truth About Texas," have been steadily characteristic of Texas ever since the European explorers in 1519 started eradicating the aborigines.

The Texas Rangers finally subdued the Comanches and the Apaches. But Mr. Nordyke suggests that the one thing that still unifies Texans is their love for a good fight. To the outside world, Texas is a vast bugle trumpeting its boasts; for Mr. Nordyke, it is a region so diverse that any seeming harmony of all its parts is a symphonic triumph.

For example, the great merchandising firms of Fort Worth and Houston and San Antonio are not worried about the rival store across the street. They worry about the city-slicking methods of Dallas. Or Amon Carter, late grand old patriarch of Fort Worth, cared far less about the battle between rail, motor freight, and air transport than about Fort Worth's getting the jump as an airport over Dallas. It nearly did, until Dallas's leaders staged a revolt and left Fort Worth with the country's handsomest and most elegant airport as a ravenous white elephant. Despite this hostility, Dallas and Fort Worth have for years been collaborating to blunt Houston's edge as a shipping port, with their elaborate plans for canalizing the Trinity River. Competition is the vital rhythm of Texas life.

Mr. Nordyke makes the point that even Texas cities have the "champion complex," as he shows the growth of this lusty struggle for power in Texas in its picturesque history under six flags. For a long time, till the successful Texas Revolution in 1836, the big problem was, who owns Texas? Now, as the rest of the nation seems to feel, the natives ask it this way, what doesn't Texas own?

Lewis Nordyke divides the state up into its sharply distinct regions to reveal by anecdote, gossip, personality portraits, and some pretty casual history how Texans have been shaped by three things: their past, their wealth of space and its challenge, and the downright providential opportunity. Inherited fortunes have not even yet begun to influence the state. The five richest men in Texas in 1955 all began as poverty-struck kids.

It is in relating this personal lore that Nordyke finds the happiest union of material with author's temperament. He is very shrewd about people, and he incorporates here some expert brief portraits of such titans as Houston's Jesse Jones, Oscar Holcombe, Oveta Culp Hobby, and a half dozen others; of Dallas's rural-conditioned social leadership; of Fort Worth's Amon Carter; and of many another glittering rugged individualist throughout the state.

CITIES and regions appear in profile, as do the state's major (and socially competitive) vocations: cotton farming, ranching, oil production, banking, and heavy industry. Nordyke's reports on the great concentration of population in the four big cities, thanks to the amazing immigration of industrial plants from New England and the North, and shows how this has profoundly altered old-time Texas politics. It is also completely altering the fabric of Texas daily life. The one city he admires most, Dallas, is the least Texan of all Texas communities. Like every great metropolis, it knows the art of compromise.

Such a phrase is a smear-word in most of Texas. But Dallas, in an overwhelmingly Democratic one-party state, has a Republican congressman. And in comparing Fort Worth's Amon Carter, Jr., with his late father, Nordyke observes that the son who inherited the Cowtown Kingdom is, unlike Carter Senior, "quiet and serious." "Maybe the young man is more the sort of publisher that Fort Worth needs now."

"The Truth About Texas" contains little that will be unfamiliar to any Texan who reads; but for this very reason its copious grab-bag of Texas truths should make it a useful guide for outlanders in need of a basic primer.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 757

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 757 will be found in the next issue.

MRRH KRQBKNLQKL NB

BRDLUNDLB BRPH

GRT DRQLX, IAU

QLZLT IRAMFU VNUF NU.

—JAMFLX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 756

I wish I was as sure of anything as Macaulay is of everything.
—WILLIAM WINDHAM.

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SPAIN

When Man Meets Bull

"Gates of Fear," by Barnaby Conrad *(Crowell. 337 pp. $7.50), is a mixture of anthology, history, and original essays on great moments in the leading bullrings of the world, compiled by an author who is an enthusiastic student of the ancient ritual of bulls, blood, and sand.*

By William D. Patterson

IT WAS autumn, but the Spanish sun was warm on the chattering crowd that pushed its way with polite impatience and excitement into the small bullring in the ancient city of Guadalajara, only forty-five minutes from Madrid if the driver of your creaky taxi fancies himself as a dauntless road racer, refusing to be passed by a big American convertible honking arrogantly in the rear. Fortunately he was finally passed, for the taxi's worn tires would not have taken much more of that speed, nor would the engine or the bouncing passengers.

Seated in the bullring at last, there was a sense of pleasant intimacy. The sand of the arena seemed almost within arm's length, gleaming like brushed gold beneath the bright, blue, cloudless sky. The hawkers of sweets and the cheap cognac that burns your eyes as well as your throat gave a carnival picnic air to the moment. But that feeling vanished when the trumpets sounded and the bullfighters with their troupes filed solemnly in.

The brief, traditional ceremony of the entrance over, the eyes of the fighters and the crowd turned intently toward the dark toril, the heavy gates which swing open to admit the bull to the ring. When he races angrily through these gates, the bull brings danger and the threat of death into the ring. The young fighter, whose job it is to kill the bull with art and courage by the rigid rules of the ritual, pulls himself up tautly as he waits for the fierce animal to emerge. In this moment he has to master his fear, and as you watch you can feel the effort. For with danger and death, the bull also brings fear into the ring to test the courage as well as the skill of the man. That is why the toril is known as the "gates of fear," and why the entire crowd turns silent as the gates open, touching the spectators lightly with the same fear the man down on the sand must spend the afternoon with; until his bulls are dead and he walks alive out of the arena to wait for next Sunday when the gates will swing open again for him.

These are the gates that are referred to in the title of "Gates of Fear," another superb book about bullfighting by the author and artist Barnaby Conrad.

As both author and editor—for, in addition to his own brilliant essays on the great moments of great matadors, he has selected for inclusion some of the finest writing on the *corrida* by Ernest Hemingway, Havelock Ellis, Leslie Charteris, Kenneth Tynan, and Garcia Lorca—Conrad has achieved an outstanding literary tour de force. It is a handsome book, beautifully illustrated by historic photographs and drawings by some of the finest artists of the bullring. Readers interested in the drama of overt, physical courage set against the picturesque, classical background of the world's leading bullrings, should find this book an absorbing experience, regardless of whether or not they are informed fans or passionate foes of the ancient art of bullfighting.

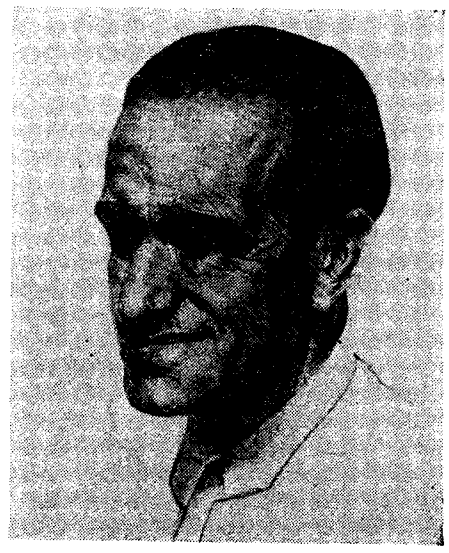
During the rather wretched afternoon in Guadalajara's small arena—wretched only because none of the fighters had the skill to match their courage so that their courage also began to crumble before the fearful onslaughts of the bulls—some words of the distinguished English essayist V. S. Pritchett came to mind. They are from his book, "The Spanish Temper:"

> The bull is admired because he is great and capable of fury, and the Spaniard requires that furious force against which to display his singularity—the most precious of his possessions—and his courage. . . .
>
> Bullfighting is not a sport, and it is therefore not a cruel sport. It is a ritual and a ceremony. It is primitive, barbarous, possibly religious in its remote origin, a descendant of the gladiatorial contest and the medieval tournament. . . . Since it is conducted in hot blood and in an atmosphere where the swell of great emotion is natural, the killing of the bull is not a sadistic performance.

The real tribute to Conrad is that his book confirms the sensitive and poetic insight of Pritchett into the "swell of great emotion" which this ancient ritual of courage and art, fear and death can still provide the spectator who will look beyond the blood and cruelty to the final truth of this fatal meeting between man, with his singularity, and the bull, with his great fury.

—From the book.

Arruza—"the final truth."



Belmonte—"the great fury."

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The Black Diaries

"Roger Casement: A New Judgment," by René MacColl *(Norton. 328 pp. $5) and* ***"The Accusing Ghost of Roger Casement," by Alfred Noyes*** *(Citadel. 191 pp. $3.50), are two new books that take opposing views of the character of a leading Irish patriot. Giovanni Costigan, who reviews it here, is a member of the history department of the University of Washington.*

By Giovanni Costigan

SIR ROGER CASEMENT was executed as a traitor by the British Government in 1916. The vindication, however, of Irish freedom —the cause for which he died—by the establishment of the Irish Free State in 1922, removed the moral stigma attaching to the word "traitor," and today Sir Roger's name is justly held in honor among his fellow countrymen.

Shortly before his execution—in an attempt to discredit him in the United States where, because of his well-known championship of oppressed peoples in Africa and in South America, Casement was widely regarded as a hero—the British Cabinet caused to be circulated photographs and typescripts of a grossly indecent homosexual diary alleged to be in Casement's handwriting. Among those who saw them and believed them genuine were Woodrow Wilson, Walter Hines Page, and King George V. Neither Sir Roger nor his defense lawyers, while he was in prison, were allowed to see the incriminating documents. They were offered, however, to Ben Allen, then head of the Associated Press Bureau in London, but when he asked to be allowed to visit Casement in jail so as to get his account of the truth, permission was denied. Mr. Allen thereupon refused the proffered scoop. Today he is living in Palo Alto, California, and still believes—as did the great majority of American pressmen in London in 1916—in Casement's innocence.

During the forty years which have passed since then, successive British Governments, despite frequent protests from the Irish, have preserved

—"The Accusing Ghost of Roger Casement."

Roger Casement—" a brave, honorable, and cruelly-wronged man."

silence on the subject of the diaries, denying Casement's biographers the right to see them, and refusing even to confirm or deny the bare fact of their existence. In 1936, Dr. W. J. Maloney of New York attempted to prove that the diaries were a forgery, and thereby inspired William Butler Yeats to write his stirring "Ballad of Roger Casement," from whose refrain Alfred Noyes has taken the title for his book.

RENE MacColl, in his book "Roger Casement: A New Judgment," published almost simultaneously, claims to have proved that Casement was, without doubt, a practising homosexual for many years. In order to do this, he parades a variety of witnesses—some aged, some dead, some *anonymous*—all alike unreliable, as can easily be demonstrated. He also misrepresents the facts of Casement's association with the Norwegian sailor, Adler Christensen.

Mr. MacColl's real reason, however, for believing Casement a homosexual is not the wavering and self-contradictory recollections of aged persons like Sergeant Sullivan, but one which, for fear of the Official Secrets Act, he did not care to avow: he had studied (as have a number of other people in recent months, including the present reviewer) typescripts of the alleged indecent diaries, and was convinced (as the present reviewer is not) of their genuineness. Now, in the preface to the American edition, he openly admits that this is the case. It needs only to be stressed that a study of the typescripts alone can establish nothing as to the authenticity of the originals of which apparently they are accurate copies.

Perhaps the most surprising novelty in Mr. MacColl's book is his bland assumption of a second set of incriminating diaries allegedly kept by Casement, since destroyed, and never heard of till this moment. The "evidence"—if so flimsy a tissue of hearsay as that on which Mr. MacColl relies can thus be termed—is unconvincing and absurd. It can also be proved false from the evidence of living witnesses, such as Bulmer Hobson of County Galway, Gavan Duffy of Dublin (son of Casement's solicitor in 1916), and Desmond Berry of London.

Mr. MacColl claims to have written "a completely objective book." Almost every page, in fact, is marked by the intention to exhibit his subject unfavorably. Casement's actions are misrepresented, his motives are distorted, and his accomplishments cheapened by the vulgarity with which they are described. His noble work for the Negroes on the Congo is dismissed as the well-meaning effort of "a starry-eyed do-gooder." Sir Roger's quixotic idealism is interpreted as the calculating self-interest of a careerist. The most generous of men where money was concerned, he is depicted as niggardly and parsimonious. A great reader, he is stated to have "read little."

The book is likewise disfigured by a considerable number of factual errors—all of which, with a single exception, appeared in the English edition, and have been suffered to remain uncorrected—and by a most superficial analysis of the Irish political situation which formed the background for Casement's action. It is amusing to notice how Casement's friends, though never his enemies, tend so persistently to get their names misspelled throughout the book.

Alfred Noyes's book is much more brief. It is not so much a biography of Casement—though a sketchy and rather unsatisfactory account of his life is given—as a spirited and often eloquent vindication of Sir Roger against his accusers. The distinguished English poet was in America in 1916, as an employee of the News Department of the Foreign Office. In that

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capacity, he was shown a typescript of the "black diaries," and accepting without question the assurance of his superiors that they were genuine, he vouched for their authenticity to the American public. For this, twenty years later, he was savagely attacked by the Irish poet Yeats.

After long reflection, Mr. Noyes came to the conclusion that the diaries were forged and that he had been duped in the interests of propaganda. With rare moral courage, he proclaimed his change of mind and expressed his sorrow for the wrong in which he had been a participant. This book—its title magnanimously borrowed from the poem in which he had been attacked—is his crowning act of reparation to the memory of Sir Roger Casement. He has accepted Yeats's invitation to "speak your bit in public that some amends be made . . . to this most gallant gentleman that is in quicklime laid."

Mr. Noyes sets forth cogent reasons for doubting the genuineness of the diaries and pleads with the British government to allow an impartial and expert committee to examine them.

Mr. Noyes, however, still holds to the theory first propounded in 1936 by Dr. Maloney that the "black diaries" are based upon Casement's transcript of evidence taken down from Armando Normand, one of the worst villains on the Putumayo in 1910. Examination of the transcript of the diaries, which Mr. Noyes has apparently not seen, makes this conjecture almost certainly untenable, and the sooner it is abandoned by Casement's defenders the better.

Mr. Noyes is now, in collaboration with Dr. Roger McHugh of the National University in Dublin, writing a play based on the tragic life and death of Roger Casement. The Abbey Theatre hopes to present it next year in Dublin. It will be, no doubt, a fitting tribute to the memory of one who was a brave and honorable, but cruelly wronged man.

USA AND IRELAND: Exchanging ambassadors with Dublin has for some years been as much a matter of Washington diplomatic routine as exchanging ambassadors with London. Yet a generation back, when President Wilson was discountenancing the idea of Irish independence and Lloyd George's Black and Tans were duplicating Cromwell's Irish atrocities, freedom was still Ireland's dream. That the ancient dream became a reality is in no small measure due to American financial and political aid.

In **"America and the Fight for Irish Freedom: 1866-1922"** (Devin-Adair, $7.50) Charles Callan Tansill turns the light of exhaustive scholarly research on the whole tragi-glorious history, illuminating for the first time some dark corners of Irish-American relations. Ireland's struggle for independence is traced from the American and French revolutions which inspired Wolfe Tone to organize his United Irishmen and strive for the establishment of a republic. Tone died a martyr to the cause, but his dream flamed on till it ignited the 1916 Sinn Fein rising and the revolutionaries' proclamation of a republic. The road to liberation was in part smoothed or blocked by O'Connell's misconception of Irish nationalism, England's "depopulation" policy during the Great Starvation, the nationalist aims of Parnell and the Fenians, Redmond's pro-English orientation, the Clan-na-Gael's vigorous separatism, the psychological leadership and financial backing of the Friends of Irish Freedom.

From the founding of America's first pre-Fenian society in 1854, "the dreadful Irish"—Queen Victoria's designation—were dependent on citizens of the United States not only for financial support against English oppression, but for morale-bolstering and strategic counsel. In his quarrel with Daniel F. Cohalan, key figure in America's promotion of Irish self-determination, Eamon de Valera failed to understand that Judge Cohalan was acting solely as citizen of the United States. Dr. Tansill fully documents his chronicle of the historic quarrel, but the old controversy over the subject will doubtless keep on sputtering. —ANN F. WOLFE.

SHE MARRIED AN IRISHMAN: From the man-made chill of Columbia's library stacks to the immemorial natural chill of a fifteen-fireplace Irish house can be a short safari if you marry an O'Neill. But since the O'Neill is himself—charming, unpredictable and a super-Gael—you and your four small children will have to inhabit the drafty old ruin until it's made habitable. Mr. Blandings, in short, had it pretty easy compared to ex-Brooklynite Anne O'Neill-Barna. As she recounts the ordeal in **"Himself and I"** (Citadel, $4), it took a mad year, scores of individualistic so-called workmen, and plenty of Irish trickery just to bring electricity to the house. When Himself and his English neighbor, a former IRA enemy, developed an unfragrant passion for organic agriculture, imported garbage got mixed up into the cement. When the do-good author organized the countryside ladies for community service, the elated new clubwomen spent their first earnings on a gay old selfish picnic. Mrs. O'Neill-Barna gives us a marvelous distillation of the spirit of the Irish countryside, touching—but just something—of its pathos.

—A. F. W.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

UNHAPPY BRIDES

Here are ten literary brides the sun did *not* shine on, briefly described by Margaret M. Coffin of East Orange, New Jersey. Please identify them. Answers on page 27.

1. This jilted lady had all her clocks stopped at 8.40 a.m., the hour when she received the bad news from the absconding bridegroom.
2. This diminutive bride was shot and almost killed at the altar by the leader of a group of notorious bandits.
3. This short-sighted, middle-aged typist was deserted at the church door by her gentleman friend, who was later revealed to have been her stepfather in disguise.
4. This wedding was shattered in mid-ceremony by the bridegroom's brother-in-law.
5. This Austrian lady was deserted by her fiancé when her marriage portion was lost at sea.
6. This witty and talented nobleman's bride was informed, on the first day of her married life, that there was a dead man in the cellar of their house.
7. At her wedding to a knight whom she detested, this unhappy bride was kissed by a member of the English royal family.
8. A famous love story tells of the marriage of a beautiful Irish princess to an unpleasant old king, the uncle of her lover.
9. This green-eyed young beauty married a shy young man whom she despised in order to spite the man she really loved.
10. This headstrong girl brought disgrace on her family by eloping with an unscrupulous army officer.

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Learning the Techniques of Poetry

How can the ordinary man learn something about the techniques of poetry? SR's John Ciardi surveys some new handbooks, source books, studies of individual poets that are designed for a basic library of poetry and poetics.

By JOHN CIARDI

EVERY mail delivery to *SR*'s Poetry Desk turns up at least a half dozen letters that ask in one form or another, "Where can I learn about the techniques of poetry?" The only answer, of course, is, "By reading. By reading with a technical eye." Such reading, however, requires training, and unless one has had the rare good luck to study under a good teacher, he must dig out his technical awareness on his own, by more reading—assuming, that is, a basic willingness to concede that the human values of a poem are no more destroyed by a passion for its formal structure than are those of a symphony by a technical passion for such matters as orchestration, harmony, and counterpoint.

But what sort of reading should one look for? The current season's list is so rich in titles that will serve this purpose, that it seems well to review them together along with brief mentions of one or two older titles, all of which round out into a good basic library for those who wish to know more about the poet's devices and his creative process.

Babette Deutsch's **"Poetry Handbook"** (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.50) is a short dictionary of basic poetic terms, each of which is briefly but meaningfully defined, discussed, and illustrated. Miss Deutsch has aimed to be useful rather than exhaustive, and accordingly she has left out a number of terms no longer current, as, for example, those for the rarer Provençal verse forms and for the many Greek meters that are not adaptable to English. I wish Miss Deutsch had had more to say about metrics, especially since what she does have to say is so good, and I hope that in some future edition (may there be many such) she will add to her excellent basic discussions some notes to books in which more exhaustive treatments can be found. Such notes could increase the central value of the handbook as a guide to poetic techniques without destroying the concision that makes the book so useful. Certainly it is a book that belongs on every poet's and on every good reader's desk. A good place for it is next to Cleanth Brooks's and Austin Warren's long-standard **"Understanding Poetry,"** now available in paper covers (Holt, $4). The glossary of the Brooks-Warren volume will refer the reader to further illustrations of many of the terms Miss Deutsch discusses. The Brooks and Warren, too, has rather more to say about metrics.

A. F. SCOTT'S **"The Poet's Craft"** (Cambridge University Press, $3.50) is a real if narrow vein of ore for those who want to dig into the poet's actual process of composition. Mr. Scott keeps his comments to a minimum but sets forth a meticulously researched collection of manuscript revisions in well known poems. These he follows with a section on the poets' printed revisions, a fascinating short section on the prose materials from which a number of poets drew their poems, a section of comparative translations, and finally a section of unsigned poems for evaluation apart from the persuasion of great or not-so-great signatures. The total makes up into a highly useful source book. Wise teachers will raid it to the betterment of their instruction, good readers will treasure it for long-range browsing, and one may well recommend to a number of our poetry societies a series of discussion programs based on such source materials in place of the more common business of forgathering to say sweet things in praise of one another's mediocre poems.

There is no better way of coming to grips with the actual fiber of poetry than through the careful study of some one admired poet, especially when the study centers not on the poet's biography, though that is always useful, but on the actual process of creation and revision. Keats-lovers will find E. C. Pettet's **"On The Poetry of Keats"** (Cambridge University Press, $6.50) a useful exploration not only into Keats but into the sources and methods of poetry in general. Mr. Pettet makes no claim to a definitive book; he has rather written a collection of essays unified by a loving perception of Keats's great genius. Especially valuable as studies of the good poet's passion for technical excellence are Chapter II on Keats's Images and "Sensations," and Chapter III on Melody in Keats's "Poesy."

"Byron's Don Juan," by Truman Guy Steffan and Willis W. Pratt (University of Texas Press, 4 vols., boxed, $30) is no collection of essays but a massive and definitive study of every traceable revision, whether in manuscript or in print, that Byron made in the course of writing what is certainly the greatest discursive poem in English, unless there is a defender of Wordsworth's "Prelude" in the house. The center of Steffan's and Pratt's research is a jointly edited variorum edition (Volumes II and III) and is flanked by Steffan's Volume I, "The Making of a Masterpiece" and on the other by Pratt's Volume IV, "Notes on the Variorum Edition." The Volume IV notes explain Byron's references to current and past events. Volume I sets itself the task of framing Byron's creative process, his principles of writing and of revision, and his emotional situation at the time of the writing and revision. Part II of Volume I, "The Anvil of Composition" is such a study of the creative process

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as no man who cherishes poetry should miss. Part III, "An Epic Carnival," is especially designed as a lay introduction to what Byron was seeking to do in his long labor on Don Juan. An expensive set, but cheap at the price, with years of valuable reading and returning locked into it.

The Stiffan-Pratt work is a study to cherish next to Thomas H. Johnson's **"The Poems of Emily Dickinson"** (Harvard University Press; 3 vols., $25) and his simultaneously published **"Emily Dickinson, An Interpretive Biography"** (Harvard, $4.50), the latter of which contains some of the best chapters yet written in America on the poet's creative process.

Here are three methods for a start toward technical awareness: the handbook, the source book, the study of an individual poet, and any combination of the three will reward the reader with a better awareness.

Finest of the Lost

***"Great Praises," by Richard Eberhart** (Oxford University Press. 72 pp. $4), represents the mature work of a poet who came out of the Age of the Depression.*

By Kenneth Rexroth

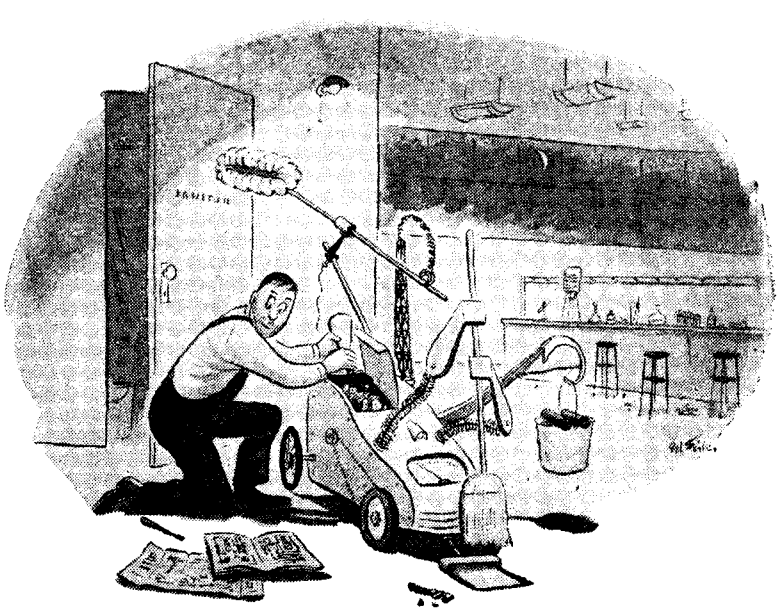
THE years in which Richard Eberhart came to maturity as a poet were not good ones for American literature. They were very bad ones indeed for poets. Few survive from those days. Where is Herman Spector, Sol Funaroff, Edwin Rolfe? Many do not survive personally; many more, all but a handful, do not survive as literature. Economic crisis, political terror, the growing threat and final presence of worldwide war—the theory was, at the time, that these would all prove stimulating to the poet; out of the riots of the unemployed or the doomed battalions on the Ebro would come new Homers and Shakespeares. The terrible tragedy, considering all the expense of spirit, is that almost nothing came, almost nothing at all. Muriel Rukeyser, Kenneth Patchen, Kenneth Fearing, Louis Zukofsky, the degree of their survival is the measure of their independence.

Richard Eberhart, in some mysterious way, remained close to totally independent, and survives intact. Today he is obviously the finest poet of his generation, the most lost generation of all the twentieth century, that century of lost generations. Hundreds perished, in an impenetrable moral fog, others slowly decayed. Eberhart is still here, totally alive. What saved him?

Innocence. Wisdom. A pure heart. He was foolish enough to concern himself primarily with the only subjects of poetry, the great platitudes, the facts of life. Hitler and Chamberlain, Trotsky and Stalin, even Franklin Roosevelt, who seemed immortal, all are dead. In their day Eberhart wrote a poem, now in all the anthologies, about a groundhog, telling them that was precisely what was going to happen to them. The information seemed trivial then, but it is what happened, and it turned out to be most important. In the days when art was a weapon and poetry purveyed spurious salvations, Eberhart ran the changes on "Go, Lovely Rose," beauty perishes, value wastes away in the world of fact. How silly that seemed in the days when all Macdougall Alley spoke up with one voice for the proletariat. Whole nations were intoxicated with the wisdom of the blood. Eberhart said, "Listen to what the blood really says in its fleet whisper. It isn't red long, and it is only the river on which float two immortal specks of life out of all those billions and billions." He turned a jaded eye on the Savior State, so jaded that many people think he is a sort of Christian anarchist. In his own eyes at least, he is nothing of the sort, but just a rather conventional American, trying to get along. Time with its disasters shears away all the pretentions from even the most ambitious philosophies. Only a nubbin is left. Eberhart started out with that nubbin and elaborated it but little. Today he seems the most profound poet of his time.

And he has always spoken so simply. There were other forces abroad in the days of Eberhart's forming. This is the time of the Reactionary Generation, of Seven Types of Ambiguity in every cornbelt English seminar, of Classicism and Order, of Back to the English Tradition, of Neo-Metaphysical Verse, the days when Paul Valery's instrumentalism was quoted to justify good advertising copy on Madison Avenue and bad sonnets in Ashtabula. None of this seemed to touch Eberhart. He spoke as simply as Blake's "Songs of Innocence," or Burns or Landor, and he always spoke *about* something. (I will never forget a famous poetry festival at Bard College when everybody was so embarrassed by a long poem Dick read about the experiences of a prisoner of war. As a leading writress said, "After all, the subject is a bit obvious.") He escaped from the workers and peasants of the Village cafeterias, how did he escape from the gentlemen and scholars, the Southern colonels, the aristocrats of ambiguity?

It is very simple. Eberhart really was what they pretended and longed to be. He really had gone to Cambridge (both England and Mass.). He had not only seen William Empson plain, he knew him well. In fact, in



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the so-called Empson circle he was generally acknowledged the better poet.

Most English people are unaware he is an American. Just imagine the ecstatic vertigo that would anesthetize several Americans we might mention if they were ever mistaken for genuine English poets, educated in Cambridge, England! Mercy! Not only that, but Eberhart had the temerity of the actually cultured: he dared to disagree with fashion. While Mr. Eliot and Mr. Empson were holding up as models the cloying hysteria of Richard Crashaw and the crossword puzzles to be found in Saintsbury's "Minor Caroline Poets," Dick, with cool effrontery, turned away to the simplest voices in the language. People who are anxious to put up a good appearance at cocktail parties and in outland English departments simply do not do things like that. Culture came naturally to him; he didn't find it in "The Sacred Wood." So he is still here, coming on strong, and the Reactionary Generation is very much on the way out, even in Iowa and Minnesota, let alone Cambridge (England or Mass.).

In the final upshot this all does come to resemble Donne, but Donne approached as peer, not as a lesson. "Aire and Angels" or Blake's "Crystal Cabinet," these are the exemplars that always spring to mind with Eberhart's best poems. Perfect clarity of vision, perfect clarity of utterance, perfect control of the material means. Presentational immediacy—poetry at its best is always completely colloquial. It may be the conversation of saints or philosophers or devils or even angels, but it is a kind of glorified talk, not a specially complicated kind of reading matter. It has taken me a lifetime to learn to write like I talk. Dick seems to have been born that way, sublimely unaware of his extraordinary gift.

WHAT is there to say about this book as such, having said so much about Eberhart himself and generally? Not much. It is new, it is older, it is wiser, it is more profound and more confident than some things in some of the earlier books, but what is important is that it is more Eberhart. Dick has grown older and wiser and more easily skillful, as, at twenty, he knew he would. What is one to say? Class assignment: Compare the songs in "Twelfth Night" to the songs in "The Tempest" and show Shakespeare's development. Time brings fruition and magnanimity, but, alas, not to all. It has brought it abundantly to Richard Eberhart, now in his fifty-third year.

FINE ARTS

Handmaiden of Misery

"Arshile Gorky," by Ethel K. Schwabacher *(Macmillan. 135 pp. $8.50), is a study of an important American painter by one of his students. It is reviewed here by Stuart Davis, himself a leading painter and a contemporary of Gorky.*

By Stuart Davis

IN AMERICA anybody can write anything about any subject, including the subject of No-Subject, within certain limits. Accepting this principle as good, Ethel K. Schwabacher's new book on Arshile Gorky can be welcomed as a desired addition to an increasing number of publications on American artists in accord with our growing accomplishments in art. The Society of Independent Artists supplied a similar quantitative need in the field of exhibitions in earlier days. They spearheaded a break-through leading to the current situation wherein a considerable segment of the American public is "exhibition-happy" and screaming for more. Qualitative discriminations take second place in the initial stages of this process.

One may hope, however, that by the time American art books gain parity with exhibitions, a powerful improvement in their general look as to size-use, typographical orders, and reproduction placement will have emerged. Exceptions to the contrary, the visual character of our art tomes makes the austerities of Mondrian look like Eva Tanguay in an after hour joint on West 30th St. But aside from this, Mrs. Schwabacher's book on Gorky is adequately illustrated with seventy pictures, plus eight color plates. It includes an introduction in the cool style of the hip-scholar, Meyer Shapiro. I regret that this is about as far as I can go in validating the book, but feel genuine relief in knowing that my adverse opinion does not have ukase status.

I find a complete disparity between the avowed intention to present Gorky the artist, and the subjective, sentimental, and at times gossipy manner of its doing. Mrs. Schwabacher indicates that we are to take Gorky as an artist of originality, an inspirer of the young, a genius, and a maker of masterpieces. So far so good, if it can be demonstrated. But actually I find a continuing stress on Gorky, handmaiden of Misery. A type of myth accumulates on the Van Gogh's-ear order to divert the reader's attention. From his alien origins in semi-waifdom we gradually find the lonely, poverty-stricken youth battling the landlords and paint dealers of Greenwich Village. (I can call to mind some other protagonists not mentioned in the book.) Her emphasis on the poverty angle takes time out to misinterpret some stimulating remarks I wrote about Gorky at her request a number of years ago. They seemed "derisive" to her, and she warns that poverty is not a pose. First-hand experience allows me to endorse this aphorism 100 per cent. The simple fact is that Gorky was continuously poor, and that he shared this "unposed" condition with practically the entire artist-population of Greenwich Village at that time. He had many unique qualities, but poverty was not

—J. J. Hirshhorn Collection.

"Child of an Idumean Night," by Arshile Gorky (1904-1948). A native of Armenia, Gorky studied at the Polytechnic Institute of Tiflis, Russia, came to the United States in 1920, and studied engineering at Brown University. From 1923 he lived in New York and devoted himself to painting—semi-abstract at first, later free-form abstraction. After several misfortunes, he took his life.

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one of them. In spite of this situation he was the only artist I can recall who always had a real studio. Most, including myself, painted in their bedrooms or temporary makeshift quarters. In addition, he managed to keep these studios stocked with a supply of art materials worthy of a small retail store, and used them up with abandon and unconcern for cost in accord with his temperament. The periods without paint and canvas when he could only draw, referred to by the author, were mainly the product of orgies of consumption rather than a permanent state of attrition. In brief, he galloped around the Village like a mountain goat with his pauper peers and got off better than most.

A more serious diversion from the main point occurs in the numerous explanations and lengthy interpretations of meaning of his pictures. Interpretation of symbolic identifications is a parlor-game that has no end, and little relevance. Gorky's prodigious appetite for art materials was matched by his need to verbalize to all and sundry about his art enthusiasms of the moment. The passive audience received his active internal speculations in the form of authoritative pronouncements. Theories were set up and shot to hell the next day by some reproduction he had seen in a magazine. It is possible that Mrs. Schwabacher, as his student, took these discourses at face value.

I have never raised any question about Gorky's unusual gifts as an artist, nor do I do so now. In the beginning he chose the strongest painters in modern art as the models for his development. I always supported him, against the charges of "imitation" that accompanied this valid process. Some years later, long after I had ceased to have contact with him, he got mixed up with a swarm of migrant Surrealists who fixed him up pretty good in more ways than one. After being buzzed, wafted, fluttered, be-limed, and moths sifted into his prayer-type rug—he was taken into the cult and given the name of "The Eye Spring" by a high priest.

Mrs. Schwabacher is not alone in maintaining that Gorky found his artistic identity under the impact of this cut-rate novelty import. In a certain sense he did, but even she indicates that he was restive in the association. My own view is that he settled for a self on a lower level than the potential of his early noble pretentions. He retained his unusual mimetic and virtuoso-type technical talents, but put them to the service of an inner landscape where gusts of some very loose-leaf literature obscured the vista.

Seven Centuries

"Early Medieval Painting," by Carl Nordenfalk and André Grabar *(Skira. 243 pp. $22.50), newest addition to Skira's "The Great Centuries of Painting" series, is not merely an album but a scholarly discussion of the subject. It is reviewed here by Harry Bober, associate professor in the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University.*

By Harry Bober

FOR all the marvels among the individual masterpieces which it brought into being, and despite peak moments of achievement, Western painting between the fourth and eleventh centuries produced proportionately fewer "great works," and more profound artistic depressions, than any comparable period since antiquity. Yet this area, also the least known to most people, is the very one which has yielded what may be the most successful volume in Skira's series "The Great Centuries of Painting." The picture-browser will find the use of color reproductions throughout a special attraction. While the choice of works illustrated is generally good and representative, the color quality of the plates is erratic, marred by frequent spasmodic departures from the character of the originals. It is primarily the text which gives this book its more lasting worth as a clear, inviting, and essentially reliable introduction to the subject.

THE publisher's announcement make the usual hyperbolic claims which might be ignored but for the revealing statement that "valuable and fascinating as the text assuredly is, it is the color reproductions which make 'Early Medieval Painting' what the publishers call 'one of the most important art books of the twentieth century'." Here, I think, is the telling clue to the most vulnerable aspect of this volume, as well as others of the series. Considering that the most conspicuous defects are to be found in those reproductions, the overestimation of plates at the expense of text is smug, if not also patronising. Other general blemishes point more obliquely to editorial responsibility and the authors must share, in part, the blame for inadequacies in coördination of content and scrutiny of the translation.

This is not to deny that there are also many good plates and some—as in the instance of an illuminated leaf from an Arras Gospel Book—even excellent. But an intolerably high proportion are simply not good enough by any standards. Even a small margin of error throws off a color reproduction to the extent of what appears to be a geometric progression in the ratio of misrepresentation. Among the works suffering most are, alas, a number of masterpieces which are critical for the history, including the Book of Kells, the Utrecht Psalter, the Lothair Gospels, and the Bodleian Caedmon.

Authorship of the volume is divided along technical lines, with André Grabar writing about the mural arts and Carl Nordenfalk on paintings in manuscripts. For method, suited to the character of the series, Grabar finds the happier solution of the two in that his presentation is geared directly to the examples which could be illustrated. Nordenfalk's subject is inherently more complex and he has indeed gone far toward simplification without distortion. Even so, he finds it necessary to discuss several hundred manuscripts while only about forty can be shown in the plates. The academic student of mediaeval art will be grateful for this richness, and anyone would have to admire the skilful synthesis of older material with much new and original interpretation. But I would be at a loss to guess at what the non-specialists will be able to make of the concentrated discussions of unillustrated works, given only as chains of catalogue numbers for the manuscripts. The more casual reader will surely prefer the easier flow of Grabar's spirited writing and may not be aware of the apparent haste, or the occasional breezy and not-quite-precise assertions. The earnest reader will find himself puzzling over many essential points without real satisfaction from the text. He may wonder about the omnipresent "renaissances" which, like unscheduled festivals, "took place from time to time." The number of these alleged renaissances and, more to the point, their lack of definition, makes these references the more profitless with each repetition. Hazy and even contradictory, is the discussion of the Frankish attitude towards the painted image, presented under the slogan of "hostility." The uninitiated will surely be at a loss to square this view with the actual abundance of Carolingian paintings of Old Testament, New Testament, and hagiographical subjects.

This book could have profited much from a final reading by someone familiar with the subject and the languages involved. As it stands, the pages preserve too many of the translator's quaint selections of obsolete and non-existent critical vocabulary, as well as incorrect and unintentionally amusing words and phrases.

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Lambarene and the Image of Schweitzer

AFTER only a few minutes at the Schweitzer Hospital in Lambarene in French Equatorial Africa, I could understand why so many short-term visitors would come away with negative impressions. But after a few days, it was equally easy to realize that they had seen only a small part of the total picture.

The idea of a hospital creates instant images in the mind of immaculate corridors, white sheets, total sanitation. These images are badly jolted when you see the hospital at Lambarene for the first time. Countless numbers of goats wander at will all over the place; even when they are not visible their presence is clearly perceptible. The ground is made moist and slippery by an equally large number of chickens. Hanging heavily in the dank air is the smoke from the dozens of crude burners used by the Africans for their cooking. There is also an inexplicably sweet and somewhat sticky smell—perhaps from the cooking or from fallen and fermented fruit.

The sanitary facilities are at an absolute minimum. There are only two outhouses, one for each sex. The sewer underneath is open and sometimes the wind blows from the wrong direction.

There are no bedsheets. The Africans bring their own blankets. There are no "wards" as the term is used elsewhere. There are long, bungalow-like affairs with small cubicles. When a patient comes to the hospital, he is generally accompanied by his entire family. The mother does the cooking, as she would at home. The children are usually on their own.

The difficulty, of course, is with the term "hospital" as applied to the Schweitzer colony. It creates false images and expectations by outsiders. The proper term should be "jungle clinic." Dr. Schweitzer did not come to Africa for the purpose of building a towering medical center. He came in order to meet the Africans on their own terms. What he built was an African village attached to a functional medical and surgical clinic. The doctors on the Schweitzer staff emphasize this in talking to visitors. They point out that Africans are attracted to Schweitzer because of the man himself and because this is a village and a way of life familiar to them rather than a forbidding building where they would be cut off from their families and frightened by a world of total whiteness, of people and walls and machines. Modern medicine has come to accept the emotional security of the patient as a vital part of any therapy. Dr. Schweitzer knew this almost a half-century earlier when he made his plans to serve in Africa.

Most visitors who stay long enough become aware of these things. While they may never be able to accept completely all the crudeness, at least they develop a useful perspective. Some visitors, however, can hardly wait to get back to Europe or America in order to make known their discoveries. I have read at least four articles in recent years by disillusioned visitors to Lambarene who have misunderstood and misjudged Dr. Schweitzer and what he is trying to do in Africa.

In addition to exposing the lack of sanitation, the articles would invariably talk about the gruffness of Dr. Schweitzer, especially towards the Africans. They would be disturbed especially by his references to the "noble savage." These were some of the things Clara Urquhart, one of Dr. Schweitzer's closest friends, had cautioned me about before I left for Lambarene. I, too, was surprised when I first noticed it, but after a while I realized it was more apparent than real.

The doctor would bark out his orders to the Africans and scold them when they were doing something wrong. The impression he gave was that he was dealing with children. There did not seem to be sufficient respect in his manner towards the Africans. But this was not the complete story. To get the full picture, one had to find out how the Africans themselves reacted to the doctor, how they interpreted his manner.

I watched the Africans closely as they worked directly under Dr. Schweitzer's orders, pushing back the jungle or gathering up stray pieces of lumber or moving crates of medicines. When he appeared to be arbitrary or gruff in what he told them to do they would smile broadly and carry out his instructions. Sometimes when he called out sharply, he would have a glint in his eye which they would catch and it would amuse them.

IN TALKING to one of the African leper workers at some length, I learned that the ones who have been with the doctor for any length of time have no trouble in understanding him. They know that he is somewhat short-tempered when things do not go just right; but they know, too, something about the pressures under which he works. And what is most important to them is that the stern manner does not reflect any displeasure by Dr. Schweitzer.

"Even when the doctor seems to lose his temper, it is only for the moment," the leper said. "Sometimes, if he has been too severe, he will go out of his way later to make amends. Once he scolded the wife of one of the patients. Fifteen minutes later he beckoned to her when no one was looking, said he was sorry and gave her thirty francs.

"We do not become angry. How could we? Could a man become angry at his own father for telling him what to do?"

The fact that Dr. Schweitzer's role at Lambarene is father—with respect to patients, their families, the workers, the white doctors and nurses, and even the visitors—is vital to any understanding of his manner. He has a sense of total personal responsibility for everyone and everything at Lambarene. Time is his most precious

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commodity and he is no longer able to expend it in lengthy and cordial explanations for what he would like to see done. When, for example, he orders the staff and visitors to wear pith helmets, he does not have time to explain that when he first came to Lambarene he had to deal with serious cases of sunstroke suffered by white people who had insufficient respect for the striking power of the equatorial sun. Once he had to take an overnight trip by canoe to attend the wife of a French planter who became seriously ill because she had thought it was unnecessary to wear a helmet even though the sky was overcast. She hadn't understood that even the diffused rays of a hidden sun can cause trouble. Dr. Schweitzer does not intend to use all his time in Africa treating white people for sunstroke; his purpose is to provide medical treatment for Africans. And it becomes a little wearisome, having to go through detailed explanations to each new visitor. Hence his "take-my-word-for-it" approach, whether with respect to sun helmets or other matters, each of which has its reasons.

One of the important things to consider in connection with criticism of Dr. Schweitzer's relationship with the Africans is that the somewhat arbitrary or patriarchal manner is not reserved for blacks only. Once, while Dr. Schweitzer was superintending a jungle clearing operation, he ordered the blacks to rest. Then he turned to three white members of the staff and to me and said, "Now it's your turn." We obediently took up the work, pulling stubborn weeds from near the trunks of young trees. After about ten minutes we looked as though we had been working ten hours. Our white shirts and khaki pants were drenched. All the while the Africans stood by, looking on us with boundless compassion and appearing desperately eager to spare us further effort. Then the doctor said we could stop; he just wanted us to have some respect for the requirements of physical labor in Lambarene. He had made his point.

Not infrequently, his seeming brusqueness is leavened with humor. When Adlai Stevenson visited Lambarene he was escorted on a tour around the hospital by the doctor. The former Presidential candidate noticed a large mosquito alighting on Dr. Schweitzer's arm and promptly swatted it.

"You shouldn't have done that," the doctor said sharply. "That was my mosquito. Besides, it wasn't necessary to call out the Sixth Fleet to deal with him."

Mrs. Urquhart, a frequent visitor to the hospital, and the author of "With Dr. Schweitzer in Lambarene" gave me another illustration of the fact that his sternness knows no color lines. Once, he became particularly exasperated at an African who was putting boards of lumber in the wrong place. He mumbled that he could almost slap the man. Mrs. Urquhart, who was standing nearby, was shocked and said so to the doctor.

"Well, Clara," he said, "I don't think I am going to slap him. But if I should do so, I want you to close your eyes and imagine that I am slapping a white man. In that case, it will probably be all right with you."

What is most important to an understanding of Albert Schweitzer is that, however severe he may be with others, he is even harder on himself. He makes incredible demands on his body and his mind. He is not concerned about the attainability of perfection; he *is* concerned, however, about the pursuit of perfection. He considers the desire to seek the best and work for the best as a vital part of the nature of man. When he sits down to play the organ, and he is alone, he may stay with it for hours at a time. He may practise a single phrase for two hours or more. The difference between the phrase when he first played it and when he himself is satisfied with it may be imperceptible even to a trained musical ear. But he has a stern idea of his own capacity for interpreting Bach, for example, and he feels he must stretch himself to whatever extent is necessary to achieve it. This is no mere obsession. He seeks his own outermost limits as a natural part of purposeful living. If he seems to prod and push others, it is an almost automatic carry-over of his own work habits.

Any attempt to evaluate Dr. Schweitzer's personal relationships with the Africans must begin with some understanding of his initial contacts with them. When he first came to Lambarene the life of the African had barely been touched by industrial civilization. It was difficult to get Africans to work steadily in putting up the buildings and in doing hard jobs for the hospital.

THERE was the temptation at first to think that the Africans were naturally lazy. But Dr. Schweitzer very early realized that it makes a difference when one lives in a climate and in an environment where the needs are few. Living close to nature, the African saw no need to work beyond that which was necessary to the immediate well-being and the minimal needs of his family. The idea of putting up extensive buildings, making concrete piles, sawing and storing woods—all this seemed to have little connection with reality as the African lived it. But the lack of incentive did not mean, as Dr. Schweitzer soon came to realize, that the Africans would not work hard under any circumstances. Once, when the doctor had to make a long journey by canoe to attend a critical case, it became necessary for the Africans to paddle virtually at top speed for six hours. They understood the reason for the special effort that was required and they were more than equal to the challenge.

"Watching them that day as we made that emergency trip in the canoe," Dr. Schweitzer said, "I marvelled at their stamina and their determination and I resolved never

—Photo by N. C.

On the dock at Lambarene: Dr. Schweitzer and the staff wave goodbye to a nurse returning to Europe.

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to fall into the careless habit of regarding them as shiftless."

Despite this resolve, which represents his basic feelings about the African as a worker, he can be seemingly harsh in what he says to the blacks or about them. But this, again, is more the reflection of pressure and impatience than of any fundamental attitude.

Albert Schweitzer is not above criticism. Few men of our century have come closer to attaining the Greek idea of the whole man—the thinker, the leader, the man of action, the scientist, the artist. But like all great figures in history, he becomes real not despite his faults but because of them.

Men, like history, come to life in their paradoxes. Gandhi welded a nation of 400 million people but he couldn't hold his own family together. The cause he defined required a Congress Party to fight for it, but Gandhi never gave it the power of his own name. He was the apostle of nonviolence in the attainment of national freedom, but once the freedom was won he did not object to the use of military force in the Kashmir.

No man was more meaningful in defining and working for the liberties of the American people than Thomas Jefferson. He was permeated with the cause of human rights; he saw it in all its aspects—historically, philosophically, spiritually. His great subject in life was the anatomy of freedom. Yet he owned slaves. Like Solon and Pericles centuries before him, he made prodigious contributions to the democratic design of his nation. But, also like the Greek leaders, he did not become passionately involved in the fight against human slavery. All this is now seen in perspective. It is what Jefferson did rather than what he failed to do that inspired his generation and has given him his place in history. Moreover, the principles defined by Jefferson later became the philosophical structure for the victorious fight against slavery.

The American name most associated with the uprooting of slavery, of course, is Abraham Lincoln. Yet only a few days before he became President, Abraham Lincoln said that he did not argue against slavery where slavery existed; he would argue only against its extension to new states. He said he would not eliminate slavery in the South even if he had the power to do so. He appalled those who did not want to compromise on the issue. But when the moral summons was presented by history in its final form, Lincoln accepted magnificently.

The story of Lincoln in his relations with the Negroes would be incomplete if told only in terms of his attitudes during the early days of the Presidency. The inconsistencies and the paradoxes are neither ignored nor set aside by history; they merely yield to the consequential and to the main impact made by the man on the lives of others.

THE sublimest paradox of all, of course, is represented by the fact that the most important prophecy of Jesus was proved to be historically false, yet this did not interfere with the establishment of a religion based on the total truth of his mission. Jesus prophesied the imminent end of the world. By imminent he did not mean a matter of several generations; he meant a few years. The fact that this did not eventuate was no obstacle to the creation or the growth of Christianity, based on the divinity and omniscience of Jesus. What was central and what made its impact on the spiritual nature of man were the Godlike qualities of Jesus. His example and moral teachings awakened the natural spiritual responses of people; the rest was subordinated or forgotten.

History is willing to overlook almost anything—errors, paradoxes, personal weaknesses or faults—if only a man will give enough of himself to others. The greater the ability to identify and serve, the more genuine the response. In the case of Schweitzer, later generations will not clutter their minds with petty reflections about his possible faults or inconsistencies. In his life and work will be found energy for the moral imagination. This is all that will matter.

Albert Schweitzer will not be immune from attack. There will be a period in which his weaknesses and his faults will be exposed and exploited, much of it with an air of fresh discovery and all of it in a mood of disillusion. But in the long run the inconsistencies and paradoxes will be as nothing alongside the real meaning of Albert Schweitzer and his place in history. For Albert Schweitzer has done more to dramatize the reach of the moral man than anyone in contemporary Western civilization. No one in our times has taught us more about the potentiality of a human being. No one in our times has done more to liberate men of darkened skin. No one in our times has provided more inspiration.

Albert Schweitzer is no myth. But even if he were, the myth would be more important than the reality. For mankind needs such an image in order to exist. People need to believe that man will sacrifice for man, that he is willing to walk the wide earth in the service of man. Long after the hospital at Lambarene is forgotten, the symbol of Albert Schweitzer will be known and held high. It would simplify matters if Albert Schweitzer were totally without blemish, if his sense of duty towards all men carried with it an equally high sense of forbearance. But we cannot insist on the morally symmetrical. In the presence of renunciation and dedicated service such as few men are able to achieve, we can at least attempt responsible judgments and we can derive spiritual nourishment from the larger significance of his life as distinct from the fragmented reality.

There is something else we can respect: we can respect the image of Schweitzer that exists in the souls of people. This image gives them strength and purpose; it brings them closer to other people and establishes connections beyond the power of machines and explosives to alter or sever. This is what men most need for today and tomorrow but especially for today. For the making of tomorrow requires most of all a sense of connection beyond reward or compulsion. Also a sense of service that has something to do with reverence and compassion for life. This is more meaningful to man than the things he makes or the conveniences he acquires or the ornamental props of his personal kingdoms. For he reaches his full growth only as he believes in the essential beauty of the human soul. It is this that Albert Schweitzer gives him.

Albert Schweitzer is a spiritual immortal. We can be glad that this is so. For each age has need of its saints. A saint becomes a saint when he is claimed by many men as their own, when he awakens in them a desire to know the best that is in them, and the desire to soar morally.

We live in eternal dread of hunger; but we shall never escape the hunger inside us if we are starved for inspiration or are empty of vital purpose. And if we see not at all into these things, the things that make for a single body of all those who now live or who have ever lived, then we shall have lived only half a life. It is in this sense that Albert Schweitzer has helped to make men whole.

We can rejoice in this fact, for it means that he has given an infusion of spiritual energy to our age that is real and that will persist as we wish it to persist.

I left Lambarene without disillusion. The image of Albert Schweitzer I carried away with me was intact—fortified, if anything, by a view of his weaknesses, such as they were. For at Lambarene I learned that a man does not have to be an angel in order to be a saint.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. DURANT CORRECTS

PROFESSOR Mattingly's reproof (*SR* Dec. 7) for not always going to the original sources gives me an opportunity to restate my purpose in writing "The Story of Civilization." My chief interest, as this title indicated, has been the history of culture; I have merely sketched in the political and economic history as background for a history of *civilization*—which is the real history of man. States are the transient vehicles and domiciles of civilization; their rise and fall is a dramatic and lugubrious record; civilization uses them, and moves on; it "does not die, it migrates." In describing the cultural contributions of each epoch, especially in literature, philosophy, art, and religion, I have recognized an obligation to go to the original sources, to study them at first hand, or see them *in situ*—at the cost of eight trips to Europe, two around the world, and fifty years of work. But I have not felt a like obligation to base my sketch of the political and economic background upon original sources. How foolish it would be for me, having only one life, to repeat for my present study of Elizabeth I the painstaking researches that Froude gathered in his five great volumes on her reign. To expect of a man to write the history of every phase of sixty centuries of human life in the same way in which he would write a monograph on one figure or aspect of one period in one nation is either to be rigorous beyond decency, or to object to any attempt at a humanized synthesis of knowledge. I believe that synthesis is needed; that specialist historians may reasonably welcome any sincere effort to bring their results to unity; and that we must labor together lest knowledge become the technical privilege and jargon of a few men isolated from the people.

WILL DURANT.

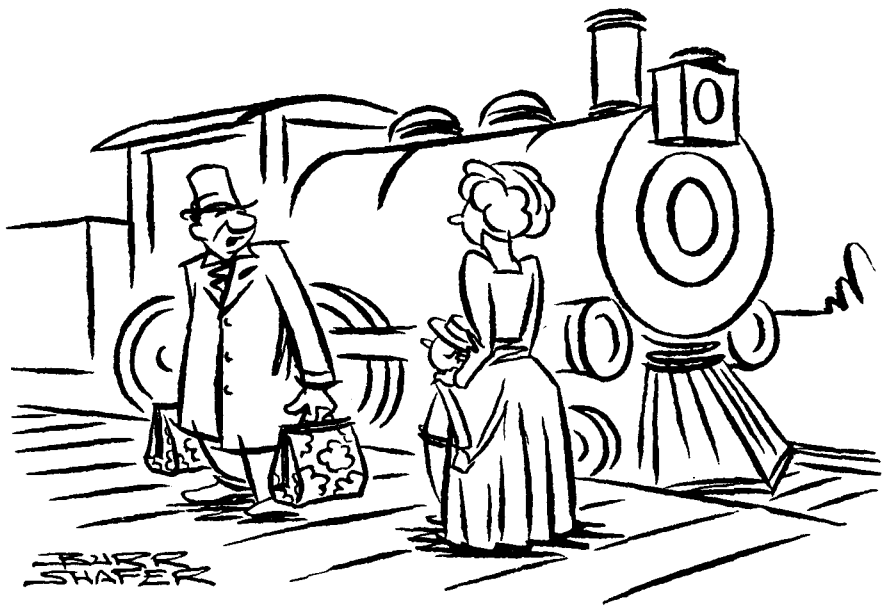
Los Angeles, Calif.

MR. MATTINGLY REPLIES

I WOULD NO more reprove Will Durant for anything than I would question the validity and usefulness of the enterprise he describes so eloquently and has carried forward so well. I merely deprecated the use of the term "scholarly" in reference to his book in a fashion calculated to mislead the unwary. (Not *his* use of it, of course.) I specifically said that, in universal history, scholarship meant not working from the sources but some discrimination as to the merits of secondary works and some effort to keep abreast of recent findings. For instance, without duplicating Froude's researches it is possible, even easy, to check its results by comparison with reputable later studies. If Dr. Durant does not want to do that, and I don't see why he should, he could easily avoid misunderstanding by removing from his "Bibliographical Guide" and footnotes all the items which he has not had the time or the inclination to examine critically. What would remain would be genuine scholarship of the kind in which Dr. Durant is interested, and there would be enough of it to satisfy anybody.

GARRETT MATTINGLY.

New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"And if McKinley doesn't win, send the wagon for me because the trains won't be running."

ASTRONOMICAL VASTNESSES

THE AUTHOR OF "Who Owns the Moon?" (*SR* Dec. 7) seems to lack all conception of the vastness of astronomical distances. His declaration that "The future of mankind lies in the stars" is exceeded in improbability only by his further statement that there are "billions upon trillions of other Solar Systems . . . beckoning to the human spirit." To his spirit, yes; to his body, no.

No rocket which either the Russians or the Americans have a possibility of developing within the near future will even approximate the speed of light. At the speed of light, which is apparently the absolute velocity which matter can approach—and never exceed—it would require four-and-a-third light years to reach the nearest star, Proxima Centauri. If visitors bound for Proxima Centauri should find that star lacking a hospitable planetary system, as is most likely the case, it might entail them more inconvenience than missing a street-car. P. R. is probably correct in believing that there are billions or even trillions of planetary systems within the universe; if even one star in a thousand was so furnished, it would be sufficient to guarantee that many. But the possibility of discovering a planetary system attached to a star at some reasonable distance, say ten light years away, is remote.

ALFRED GRAY REID.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Russian scientists have recently announced that they are at work on a "photonic" rocket, which would be theoretically capable of acceleration to the speed of light. Of course, no one denies that such an extraordinary machine is generations, or centuries, in the future. But the true scientist's head is always several jumps ahead of his hands; to the scientist (as well as the philosopher) centuries are only seconds; and it is the ultimate possibilities of the Universe which fascinate him most.*

MIXTURE AS BEFORE

WHAT WITH corporate rivalries reaching around the earth, chips on governmental shoulders, and ear-splitting yowls about "supremacy," P.R.'s blueprint for action looks (and sounds) like the mixture as before.

JOHN M. FISHELL.

St. Louis, Mo.

MAN'S PROBLEM OF HIMSELF

P.R. SAYS we must blast off into the wild blue to avoid "spiritual suffocation." Man's big unsolved problem has always been the problem of himself. How's he going to solve that one through space travel? It's a question P.R. might tangle with when he is sober.

ROBERT B. SEARS.

Roanoke, Va.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Art of the Matter

KAREL CAPEK'S **"The Makropoulos Secret"** today seems a period piece filled with bygone conventions. In its third act it spouts a shallow philosophy about longevity that pales beside Shaw's treatment of the same theme in "Back to Methuselah." Yet the opportunities in it for good hokum are tremendous, and director Tyrone Guthrie has squeezed some juicy moments out of the old script. His star, Eileen Herlie, who plays a beautiful opera singer in desperate need of securing a mysterious paper, is magnificent. Her scornful burst of laughter as she suddenly recognizes the irony of her quest is inspired stagecraft. So is the bizarre picture she presents when she asks for and smokes a cigar in the midst of an assemblage of gentlemen. And in the final act, when she appears chalky-faced and wrapped in a shawl, Miss Herlie emanates an awesome radiance that recalls the grandeur of nineteenth-century actresses. Opposite her, as the Baron who holds the vital paper in his possession but will not give it to her because it is an envelope addressed to someone else, is Karel Stepanek. Mr. Stepanek has the bearing of Erich von Stroheim plus the charm of an aristocratic *bon vivant.* He reminds us that an aristocrat may be both honorable and cruel. He is superb when the opera singer shouts after him that she will pay him anything for the paper and he replies with a combination of glee, wrath, and politeness, "I wish you would send a man to me with such an offer, so that I could have the pleasure of kicking him down the stairs."

Thus, with the aid of some fine scenery and lighting by Norris Houghton and Tharon Musser, Mr. Guthrie has come up with his second successive hit at the Phoenix. In each case he has scored with an unblushing use of theatricality on plays that themselves have nothing to say to us. This is something of a change in an art theatre that has dedicated itself in the past to worthy plays, social significance, and heavily sincere performances. Perhaps the hopeful sign in these two Guthrie successes is that the Phoenix has come to recognize that an art theatre depends not on the kind of plays you do, but on the exciting and distinctive way in which you perform any material you attempt.

IN THIS respect Douglas Watson and his Kyriakos Theatre seem also to be on the right track, although his experiment with Katherine Anne Porter's **"Pale Horse, Pale Rider,"** as adapted and directed by Corinne Jacker, is more distinctive than it is *directly* exciting. However, it is indirectly exciting in that it explores a way of presenting a beautifully written book so that the quality of that book is not changed. In achieving this, the play slows the progress of the dramatic events so that suspense and audience interest are reduced. Yet, while we become restless at too much action that does not advance the surface story, we find ourselves carried along by the comments of the author as spoken by the actors who momentarily step out of the character they are playing to do so. And the performances of Mr. Watson as Death, Margaret Linn as Miranda, John Reese as Adam, and a beautifully disciplined company are to be sipped slowly and to keep with us a long time.

ON BROADWAY two other adaptations failed to find satisfactory dramatic form and closed quickly. The first, Sol Stein's **"A Shadow of My Enemy,"** based mostly on the verbatim excerpts of the Alger Hiss trial, is presumptuous, pretentious, and undramatic. It is presumptuous because it presumes for the audience in a preliminary mythical scene that Hiss is guilty of all that Chambers charged him with. It is pretentious because it pretends that the protracted agony these two men suffered is somehow the fault of an apathetic and fuzzy-thinking public. And it is undramatic because the majority of the evening is a too literal replay of a familiar current event.

The second, Aldous Huxley's **"The Genius and the Goddess,"** went through such a welter of revisions and dispute that blame cannot be assessed. Those who read Mr. Huxley's short novel may recall that it concerns a young scientist who is apprenticed to a world-famous physics professor. The professor is described as "a clockwork monkey" who reels off brilliant speeches automatically but who inside is "a miserable little creature who still needs flattery and reassurance and sex and a womb-substitute." The professor's wife is "a goddess disguised as a healthy peasant girl." While she is away the professor becomes ill and is about to die. She returns, but is so depleted of virtue and life she cannot infuse life back into her dying husband. But then, as if she had read Dr. Reich's orgone theory, the wife commits adultery with the young apprentice, and becomes sufficiently recharged to save her dying husband. But the fifteen-year-old daughter who is in love with the apprentice suspects what has happened. The result is disaster for both the goddess and her daughter; both are killed in an automobile accident caused by the daughter arguing with her mother about the adultery.

This story would not readily lend itself to conventional full-length play form under any circumstances. But the play makes matters worse by filling in the early part of the play with folksy comedy, and eliminating the unhappy ending. Instead, someone has written an intolerable third act in which the adulterous couple discuss and whitewash their affairs. Contrast this with the novel's description. "Katy kept *our* traps firmly shut. She had the instinctive wisdom that taboos the four-letter words while tacitly taking for granted the daily and nightly four-letter acts to which they refer. In silence an act is an act is an act. Verbalized and discussed, it becomes an ethical problem, a *casus belli*, the source of a neurosis."

All this wastes a very amusing performance by Alan Webb as the professor, and gives Nancy Kelly an undefined character to play. Perhaps the answer for fine novelists is either to let their works be experimented with off-Broadway or to write new plays which come to terms with the theatre in their own distinctive ways.

—HENRY HEWES.

SEASON'S GREETINGS: "Drive carefully. This is a Christian country and it's the Saviour's birthday. Practically everybody you see will be drunk."—*Last lines of Aldous Huxley's novel, "The Genius and the Goddess" (Harper's).*

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Such Goings-On

IT CAN be said with some certainty about the movie, **"Peyton Place,"** that it is better than the book. But upon considering that statement I see that it doesn't really give the movie much praise; perhaps it would be better to leave the Grace Metallious book out of the matter and simply deal with the movie alone. First, though, all due credit must be given to John Michael Hayes, the screenwriter, for the silk purse, so to speak, he has made from the original story. "Peyton Place," then, as movie, explores for close to three hours some of the inner workings of a small Maine town, complete with the usual appurtenances of small New England towns—a church, a high school, a main street, a hospital, a woolen mill, a stream, a nearby lake, and even, not too far away, a view of the sea. But Peyton Place also has its people, and one of the successes of the movie is the way it has made its people reasonably alive and vivid, familiar though they may be in type.

In fact, the movie vaguely resembles the film made from "Our Town," although it lacks the homely poetry of the latter, and has much more shocking events to relate. These events include the rape of a teen-ager by her stepfather; the girl's subsequent killing of the beastly fellow; a trial. They also include a suicide, and such less grisly escapades as necking in parked cars, a nude swim by two youngsters in the lake, and a Labor Day picnic not unlike the Midwestern harvest festival in "Picnic." But while the movie is kept lively by all the above goings-on, it somehow doesn't come out either as melodramatic or as corny as it might easily have been. This is because the direction by Mark Robson is remarkably fluid, and because of the performances.

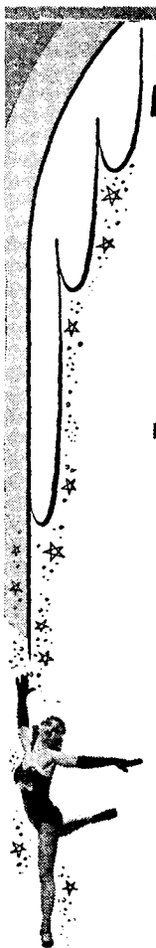
These are not only convincing, but are somehow all keyed-in one with the other. Thus, Lana Turner, given a chance with a role of some depth, proves that she can be as persuasive as some of the Method-dedicated girls flocking into the movies these days. Betty Field, taking the dreariest role of her career, shows herself every inch an actress of distinction. Veterans like Lloyd Nolan, Mildred Dunnock, and Arthur Kennedy play with seasoned skill. And there are also newcomers like Lee Philips, Diane Varsi, Hope Lange, and Russ Tamblyn who play with refreshing, untypical sincerity. Jerry Wald, who produced the movie, obviously exercises intelligence in his choice of casts; and he seems to proceed on the assumption that well-made, interesting movies will attract an audience. I could have done without the sermon towards the close of the picture which makes gossip, fear, and lovelessness the real villains of the piece, but if a sermon was needed I suppose this one was as good as any.

* * *

A beautiful film to watch is **"Sayonara,"** a modern sort of "Madame Butterfly" story made from a James Michener novel by Joshua Logan and William Goetz. The latter two men seem to have been bent on promoting East-West love-affairs, so sympathetically have they shown two representatives of our Armed Forces succumbing to the lure of two dolllike Japanese girls. Marlon Brando's much-touted performance begins with some sloppy mannerisms that seem unbecoming to the West Pointer he is supposed to be, and for some reason he has taken a Southern accent and stuck to it rigorously through two-and-a-half hours. But the interpretation is artful and strong, and the film a fairly delicate probing into a tender area.

* * *

In **"Wild Is the Wind"** Anna Magnani gets another chance to display her magnificent histrionics, this time on a sheep ranch in Nevada, to which she comes as the bewildered Italian second bride of an Italian-American widower. Anthony Quinn, who plays the ranch-owner, still sentimentally and guiltily attached to his dead wife, views Miss Magnani as the carbon copy of her sister, even going so far as to call her by her sister's name. Miss Magnani, on the other hand, views herself very much as herself, and the psychological sparks thrown off by this conflict ignite a passion in her—for the wrong man, unfortunately. This fellow is played winningly by Anthony Franciosca, a sort of adopted son of the rancher. If the acting at times gets florid, it is also realistic enough to persuade one at times that the story is not contrived and self-consciously arty, and George Cukor, the director, adds to the sleight-of-hand by his very able handling of the wild and literally woolly story. —HOLLIS ALPERT.



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SR *Business Issue*—
January 18, 1958

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TV AND RADIO

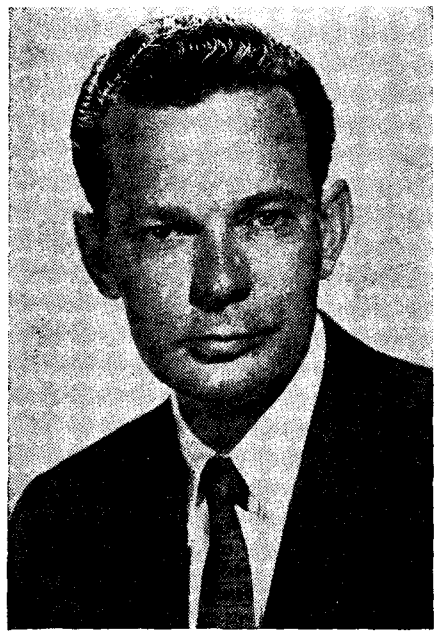
Mileage in Morality

WHAT I like most about the fairly new (one year old) Chet Huntley-David Brinkley NBC-TV team of newscasters is that they are moralists.

Quincy Howe, one of the classic "commentators" of broadcasting, writing in *SR* several weeks ago, puzzled over the absence of newsmen-in-depth in the contemporary generation. The answer should have been obvious to historian Howe: this has been predominantly an amoral generation. All the more surprising that NBC news (traditionally something less than bold in the area of public affairs) should have produced Huntley and Brinkley. The former is the elder of the two, reared in the old CBS news department, and therefore easier to explain as a "moralizer." How Brinkley, much younger, came by his oldtime spirit is a mystery. In any case, five nights a week on NBC-TV Huntley from New York and Brinkley from Washington deliver a fifteen-minute capsule of news which has rapidly become the most attractive regular package of TV journalism on the air.

This is not due to any outstanding departure from the conventional form of the quarter-hour news show. True, Huntley is pushing at the traditional limits for direct, on-camera talk. He has reached a record four-and-a-half minutes without films and hopes to go even farther with unrelieved "analysis." But, otherwise, the newscasts are made up of the familiar short newsreel clips plus unadorned expository thrusts at the many stories which clamor for attention in a day's history. What distinguishes "Chet" and "David" (they address each other thus in their inter-city duet) is their propensity to introduce, every now and then, a revelatory footnote to the mere facts.

Try as they may to present the mask of neutrality (Huntley has been accused of having an over-solemn poker-face and Brinkley of undisguised boredom) the tones of their voices, ironies on their lips, and subtleties in their eyes betray their values—not to speak of the selectivity in their news items. Huntley, one recent wild Sputnik day, encouraged his viewers with a report of the Navy's enthusiasm over an Arctic cruise of its atomic submarine, *Nautilus*. Navy scientists said they'd



David Brinkley—". . . from Washington, he is 'David' to 'Chet' in New York."

gained 100 times more information from this trip than in all previous air or surface explorations. Commented Chet: "The Russians may be ahead in space exploration, but apparently we know more about the bottom of the Arctic Ocean than anyone else in the world." Again, reporting on an anniversary Fascist pilgrimage to Mussolini's grave in Predappio, Italy, Huntley concluded: "Despite the fact that it is now twelve years since Mussolini was killed, trains still run on time in Italy. But, as you saw, not many of them run to Predappio." Brinkley enjoys closing his nightly Washington contributions with provocative items. Example: "And, finally: in Charlotte, North Carolina, the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan announced a Saturday night rally and cross-burning . . . and a discussion of the question: 'What shall we do with Ike'?"

Wry commentary is merely the lighter side of this NBC television team's style. Huntley, in "Outlook," his regular week-end half-hour feature news program, is comparable to Murrow for his concern in getting the "non-consensus" views on vital stories in the headlines. Recently he interviewed Trevor Garner, the former Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for research and development who resigned his post, criticizing the Defense Department's handling of our missile and rocket program. Huntley's introduction, choice of questions, and Garner's replies bristled with challenge. "America's mental Maginot line no longer exists," said the newsman. "We will either be led to restore our position—or we will react the way the French did." Then Huntley noted one already significant reaction. "The live creature in the second satellite," he said, "is a female husky dog. The wire services are supplying pictures of the dog, which they call 'appealing pooch shots'."

On the same telecast John Chancellor, an NBC Chicago colleague, interviewed Carl Lindegren, professor of genetics at Southern Illinois University, whose celebrated young "genius" assistant, Ernest Shult, was drafted into the Army as a clerk-typist. Discussing "anti-intellectualism" in this country, Professor Lindegren hit orthodoxy on the head when he said that "utility and science are, generally speaking, more or less conflicting concepts. . . . Scientific achievements involved the development of new concepts—a new way of looking at life. . . . It's the change in concept which is the essence of perfect science." Concluded Editor Huntley: "Whether we are a mature enough people to allow a scientist to search for truth and beauty, and support him in that search . . . is somewhat less than certain. . . . When most Americans agree that there is a connection between Ernest Shult typing Army training reports and the Russian lead in earth satellites, that day the first step will have been taken."

An even happier note is the apparent success of the new NBC news maturity. Mr. Huntley reports that his superiors are "delighted" with the progress and that there is no front-office interference with the department's handling of the news as it sees it. There is even a sponsor, Ronson's Lighters, two nights a week (perhaps soon a third). Ronson is reported to have switched from Perry Como to the NBC news—perhaps the eggheads are getting sex-appeal, after all. The slippery rating situation for Huntley-Brinkley is good, showing that, on certain spotty checks, NBC is running several points ahead of CBS and ABC in evening news programs. Even members of Congress, polled blindly on "Which are your favorite news commentators?" gave the lead by four points to "Chet and David." All of which suggests that maybe there's still some mileage left in morality.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Menuhin Goes Back to Bloch—Debut of Loevberg

IT IS not often that a worthy score by a celebrated contemporary has to wait twenty years for a first performance by the New York Philharmonic, but this was the situation of the Bloch violin concerto resolved by Yehudi Menuhin's recent performances in Carnegie Hall with Fernando Previtali conducting. Thanks are in order to him not only for preferring such second sponsorship to the lure of the premiere, but for giving it the benefit of all his considerable talent.

Even after twenty years, it is a thewy, hardly self-explanatory work. But its self-evident, if discontinuous beauties merge into the totality of a complete experience—like life itself—as one's acquaintance with it ripens. Bloch has characterized his themes as "characters in a drama," and it is an absorbing three-act structure he has developed, always on a high plane of poetic purpose. Menuhin's intense, if hardly flawless performance was much to its benefit, though the audience hardly responded as the work and its performance merited.

And thereby hangs the tail to what may have been Menuhin's "farewell" to the Philharmonic for awhile. In the midst of the far from clamorous applause, Menuhin decided to play an encore, uncalled for in these circumstances and hardly justifiable in the midst of any symphony concert. That he also performed his impulsive choice—the prelude to the E major sonata of Bach—in a hasty, ill-considered manner merely made the exhibition more pointless. In the sequence of concerts that followed, Menuhin put his hardwon reputation as a serious artist in jeopardy by going back not only to Bloch but also to Bach (on Friday afternoon), and following his performance of the Paganini D major on Saturday night not with an encore, but with a speech telling why he couldn't play an encore. Included was a reference to "the fact that this orchestra, unlike many others, seems to be run by non-musical or extra-musical forces," ambiguous of itself, and open to several interpretations. If it concerned the management, it was both tasteless and insulting: If, as some opinion has it, the reference was to a critic or critics. Menuhin should have said so explicitly. In any case, it left a sorry impression.

In addition to giving the complex Bloch score orchestral profile and structural definition, Previtali ushered in an engaging musical experience on his own—the contemporary Italian Nino Rota's "Variazioni sopra tema gioviale." In Rota's view, "giovale" is not quite the same as "jovial," having more to do with Jove, or Jupiter. But the consequences are, in any case, learning worn jauntily, a light fanciful hand with the orchestra, and an engaging theme varied to a sonorous fare-thee-well. I may add that most critical opinion found the work banal and derivative, but it seems to me less important *when* a piece is written than how well it is written. Rota's variations are pleased to entertain, and entertain to please. Previtali's deft performance left little to be desired. He also performed Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite and Stravinsky's "Firebird" suite with taste and musicality, if not with the ultimate distinction New Yorkers have heard from specialists in one or the other.

The illness which prevented the Norwegian soprano Birgit Nilsson from fulfilling her seaon's commitments in America provided for the New York debut of her younger compatriot Aase Nordmo-Loevberg at a Carnegie Hall concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra directed by Eugene Ormandy. Plunging into Beethoven's "Abscheulicher" aria from "Fidelio" without so much a vocalise is more than the Loevberg voice can manage without stress, but she gave a good deal of pleasure to her audience subsequently with her singing of "Elsa's Traum," "Dich teure Halle" (from "Tannhaüser"), and Isolde's "Liebestod" in a second half devoted to Wagner.

Miss Loevberg is a gifted woman, of an appealing appearance, and blessed with a healthy voice, whose career may be blighted by references to her as "another Flagstad." It is conveniently overlooked that, at this exact time when Miss Loevberg is battling the difficult transition from lyric to dramatic soprano, Mme. Flagstad was virtually in retirement, singing only occasionally. Thus, when the full-formed voice revealed itself to the world, it had profited immensely from a natural development to maturity. Miss Loevberg may eventually replace the simplicity of style which made the "Lohengrin" and "Tannhaüser" excerpts attractive with the kind of subtlety required for Beethoven. The question is, however, how much vocal vitality will she retain? One can only hope that she will not overuse her assets before they can return proper dividends. Right now the middle range is eloquent, the top a little inaccessible, the bottom rather frayed. It is not a promising prognosis for the future.

Orchestrally, the event of the evening was a hugely sonorous, vividly colorful performance of the "Flying Dutchman" overture. Ormandy began with a rather outsized performance of Beethoven's Eighth (about 8½ EE). His portion of the vocal presentation was beautifully organized, of exemplary service to the singer.

Are there extrasensory perceptions where music is concerned, ways of anticipating, from a few measures, how an unfamiliar work is going to develop, or the peformance of a familiar one fare? Music lovers are familiar with the second experience—the sharp articulation of the first two chords of the "Eroica," with just the right air space between, that foretells the character of the performance to follow, the measured pace of a Mozart introduction which tells us that a string quartet has gauged its task precisely.

Two recent experiences suggest that new works as well as old cast shadows from which one can tell, from a finger, the size of the man. One was Poulenc's "Carmelites," whose very first measures promised me a live, vital experience. The other was Roger Sessions's Third Symphony, introduced by Charles Munch at a Boston Symphony Orchestra concert. Thirty seconds of the Sessions, speaking the oboe-muted trumpet-high strings vocabulary, gave me the involuntary reaction: "I don't care how well this is done, it's not for me."

As the next thirty-one-and-a-half minutes disclosed, it was very well done: economically, pointedly, contrastedly. All I could find in the sound, however, was anti-musical. Sessions has constructive powers, facility for design, a sense of the double bar. But I found all four movements full of tortured tone relations, with scant points of rest, and no variation of texture to differentiate slow movement from scherzo, or one fast movement from another. I would describe it as bare bones and no flesh, musically speaking. As cushion, Munch provided the "Academic Festival" overture of Brahms, the Schumann Cello Concerto played by Pierre Fournier, and two "Tristan" excerpts.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Driving Woman

***"I, Rachel," by March Cost** (Vanguard. 477 pp. $3.95), is a novel based on the life of the fabulous Élisa Felix, who under the name of Rachel became the greatest French actress of the mid-nineteenth century.*

By Jean Campbell Jones

RACHEL, born Élisa Felix, may have been the greatest actress in mid-nineteenth century France, but as March Cost tells it in an unusual biographical novel called "I, Rachel," off stage she was even more dramatic.

Queen Victoria and the crowned heads of Europe showered her with jewels, money, and extravagant praise. Dumas, Victor Hugo, de Musset, were all infatuated with her. She had two illegitimate sons, one with Walewski, the natural son of Napoleon, and the other with a more garden variety of lover, apparently just to spite the father of her first.

"Where shall we meet her like again," Prince Napoleon said of her, "this woman who at eleven o'clock could be the most tragical Phèdre ever known, and at twelve o'clock be as giddy as a goat?"

Miss Cost, author of "A Man Named Luke" and "The Hour Awaits," is also an ex-actress and, along with much careful research on Rachel's actual life, she brings her own enthusiasm for the special magic of the theatre world.

—George P. King, Ltd.

March Cost—". . . also an ex-actress."

Sometimes, unfortunately, she is not quite as successful in establishing the historical ambiance as she is in delineating Rachel's character. Particularly for this rather dim period in French history, just naming names does not always evoke a fully costumed scene. But the movies will take care of that. And anyway, the character surmounts the telling, for Rachel would have been a startling personality, no matter what revolution was going on outside.

Child of a Jewish peddler, crossing into France from over the Alps, hunger first pushed Rachel into a cafe with a guitar at about the age of ten. And she was trouping for the rest of her days.

Frail, bereft of sufficient bosom, with haunted and haunting dark eyes —where the theatre was concerned she was a real "driving woman." Absolutely dedicated to the classical drama, before she was the age of Susan Strasberg she was the first lady of the French theatre—a position she held for nearly twenty years.

The critic George Henry Lewes wrote "In her early days nothing more exquisite could be heard than her elocution . . . her thrilling voice, flexible, penetrating, and grave responded with the precision of a keyed instrument. . . . In Edmund Kean and Rachel we recognize types of genius. . . . Whoever saw Rachel play Phèdre may be pardoned if he doubts whether he will ever see acting again."

But the book holds an unusual turn, for although Rachel died a Camille-like death at thirty-seven, even by then she had seen her popular success vanish as suddenly as it had come.

Just why she lost her esteem in the eyes of the French public seems vague, and here Miss Cost is hampered by her otherwise effective device of writing the story in the first person.

Rachel's many enemies accused her of avarice, but it would seem that like many an actress before and since, she was more the victim of her family—all of whose numerous members she supported in a style to which they had never been accustomed.

At first it was her father who instigated noisy lawsuits against the theatre for more money. And with the real paternal power of voiding her contract, for Rachel was still under age, he usually won his exorbitant demands. Later her brother Raphael became her business manager and his domination was just as ruthless. There are some marvelously nasty scenes as he counts the money on the train rolling through Russia. And again as he urges her on her ill-fated American tour although her health was then completely broken. He drags her out of bed to perform in Charleston, gets her as far as Havana before she finally collapses and sends the rest of the company back to France.

Dramatically, this last part of the book, the decline and fall, is the best. For as she loses her extraordinary fame, Rachel, the perfectionist becomes really a sympathetic human being.

On her way up she had proclaimed

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THE DAY OF THE LOCUST. *By Nathanael West. Bantam.* 35¢. The *flora* and *fauna* of Hollywood described in a stinging satirical novel, by the American writer of the Thirties best-known for his "Miss Lonelyhearts."

FANCIES AND GOOD NIGHTS. *By John Collier. Bantam.* 50¢. Weird, macabre, usually unique contemporary stories.

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that nothing interested her less than love and marriage and children. "To sacrifice the theatre would be to sacrifice life. What an idea—to renounce the power—the applause. Is there a happiness greater?"

And no matter how many dalliances Rachel indulged in, she never really lost her heart in any of them. When she died slowly on the Riviera she sent back to their respective authors seventeen packets of love letters, each packed in orange blossoms with an appropriate note. But according to Miss Cost's interpretation, the only real man in her life was Samson, her Svengali-like teacher, and himself the leading classical actor of the day.

The story of Rachel's complex relationship with Samson, and how it both made and ruined her life, makes this an exceptionally good theatrical story.

CANADIAN MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM: "**A Lesson in Love**" by Margaret Creal (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), deals with the worldly initiation of a Canadian schoolgirl. Nicola James, incarcerated in an Anglican boarding school on the Canadian prairie, develops a schoolgirl pash on Tammy Olson, a more sophisticated classmate who smokes cigarettes and knows her way around. To the orphaned Nicola, who has known only St. Cuthbert's and a spartan home life with her clergyman grandfather, Tammy is "like a sun goddess" in whose warmth she enjoys basking. But when the girls graduate and Nicola spends a summer with the Olsons, she finds that Tammy is fickle, and is repelled by the crassness of the Olson menage. With pleasure she flees to the world of her delightful grandfather, for whose godliness she has a new appreciation. Miss Creal presents an interesting view of St. Cuthbert's school, where the Canadian *maedchen in uniform* fight an uphill battle with the classic tradition. ("These rosy faced schoolgirls, sloppy in their despised uniforms, gauche in manner and speech, knowing nothing about the world, took its problems very seriously, particularly when they could use them as opposition to their teachers.") But Nicola's lessons in love and piety were less intriguing to this reviewer; her ingenuousness eventually becomes as irksome as the junior sophistication of her Coke-drinking friends. —MARTIN LEVIN.

DOCTOR'S PAST: In "**Wall Against the Night**" (Appleton - Century - Crofts, $3.95), Frederick Schroyer has written an interesting melodrama with Spoon-Riverish overtones. Dr. Bert Travis, a rather pensive physician of middle age, settles in a small Indiana town with his restive wife Gwen, who is some twenty-six years his junior. The doctor is shy, taciturn, and self-absorbed, while his wife feels "useless" in the arid confines of the industrial hamlet—in which a trap called Chuck's Woodside Gardens is the principal pleasure dome. Inevitably, Gwen drifts into minor and major indiscretions, which the doctor's choleric nature assures will result in inevitable tragedy. All of this is told in an intricate and well managed series of flashbacks. "Wall Against the Night" opens with Travis's return after an absence of some ten years, and the novel's suspense springs from the doctor's resolution to tie a couple of loose ends from his past in a violent knot.

The best of "Wall Against the Night" is Mr. Schroyer's deft reconstruction of Wayland, a Hoosier town in the Thirties. The author has a keen sensitivity to the scenic background which he transmits with vivid imagery. With his Waylandites, Mr. Schroyer is not as successful. Seeking to enrich his narrative with an anthology of local characters, he succeeds mainly in resurrecting a gallery of stereotypes: the town drunk, the local floozie, the Mother's Boy, the smalltime entertainer, etc. Presumably these people do exist, stereotypes or no, but "Wall Against the Night" contributes neither the motivation nor the dialogue to quicken them.—M.L.

FRENCH FUN: "I always said yes," says Juliette, the pliant heroine of Tereska Torres's "**The Dangerous Games**" (Dial, $2.75) . . . "Yes, to Frederic. Yes, to Françoise. Yes, to Alain." At least two of Juliette's yeses involve her in games more hazardous than parcheesi, since she is married to Frederic and not to Françoise (his mistress) or Alain (the lover of Fran-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Miss Havisham, in "Great Expectations" (Dickens). 2. "Lorna Doone" (Blackmore). 3. Mary Sutherland, in "A Case of Identity" (Conan Doyle). 4. "Jane Eyre" (Charlotte Brontë). 5. Mariana, in "Measure for Measure" (Shakespeare). 6. Harriet Wimsey, in "Busman's Honeymoon" (Dorothy Sayers). 7. Katherine Swyneford, in "Katherine" (Anya Seton). 8. Iseult, in "Tristram" (E. A. Robinson). 9. Scarlett O'Hara, in "Gone With the Wind" (Margaret Mitchell). 10. Lydia Bennet, in "Pride and Prejudice" (Jane Austen).

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çoise). The trouble with Juliette is that she is afflicted with an excess of permissiveness. She feels "no unhappiness or jealousy" in coming upon Françoise's shoes in her closet. *Au contraire,* she encourages Frederic to visit her because Françoise is just a lonely night-club chanteuse, and the three become a feverish ménage for a bit. Then Alain enters the picture, reads Juliette a home-made poem entitled "Labyrinth," and it's off to Deauville for more charades. It isn't that Juliette is an Emma Bovary; she loves her husband ("So much strength, so much passion, so much authority!"). On the other hand, after Alain reads his verses, "I could not but love him this night" ("He had the taste of fresh fruit"). Then there is Françoise, with whom she and Frederic while away the hours at strip poker. What to do? What else but throw herself on Frederic's chest "covered with its thick black furry hair" and Tell All. What the outcome is of this little adventure in emancipation, the reader will have to find out for himself. Miss Torres details the affairs of Juliette with a clinical earnestness, but without enough characterization to enlist the reader's sympathy. We never know what may weigh on Frederic's chest besides that furry pelt. —M. L.

DULY NOTED: "Song of the Axe," by N. C. McDonald (Ballantine, $3.50), resounds to the timber clearing and logging bustle that made Seattle a thriving town early in this century. Trying to make his fortune, Ed Daley finds a congenial but erratic partner who bequeaths to him all sorts of responsibilities including an unwed girl with child. A crackling good adventure yarn with a colorful regional background.

"The Fertile Plain," by Esther Salaman (Abelard-Schuman, $3.50), recreates the life of a Jewish family in a Ukrainian town some forty years ago. Growing up in an environment that was socially hostile and politically precarious, Rissele faces tragedy with fortitude derived from her heritage. When the novel appeared in England, Mrs. Salaman drew well-merited praise from critics for a perceptive and pictorially poetic performance.

"The Two Lives of An-Marie," by Muriel Molland Jernigan (Crown, $3.50), tells of the social barriers separating a cultivated Eurasian girl from the rest of an international colony in Peking during the turbulent days of the Japanese invasion. When An-Marie's protective world crumbles, she summons her personal resources in a way that makes her story reminiscent of "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing." Mrs. Jernigan has first-hand knowledge of the scene and gives readers a sensitive and engrossing picture.

"The Losers," by Clifford Irving (Coward-McCann, $3.75) has a cast overstocked with neurotics who want "out." Chief among these is Dave, who can't shake his war memories nor a passion for Sue that leads to a triple killing as an aftermath of a wild beach party. Mr. Irving's violent indictment of fast New York life, typical of the recent rash of novels about delinquent adults, was conceived on some faraway Spanish island.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE LONGEST SECOND *Bill S. Ballinger* (Harper: $2.95)	Adult male narrator comes to in NY hospital voiceless (throat cut) and amnesia victim; cops show interest as dead accumulate.	Handling throughout realistic and professional, as expected; but payoff is tightly jammed and somewhat disappointing.	As at left.
THE CRAZY MIXED-UP CORPSE *Mike Avallone* (Gold Medal: 25¢)	Ed Noon, NY peeper, tangles with tough Texans, tougher stripper, and Capt. Monks of cops, also tough.	Female spanking administered; complete arsenal employed lavishly; Chinese family present; who pays Ed's bill?	Slaughter house.
THE DICE SPELLED MURDER *Al Fray* (Dell: 25¢)	LA craps artist teams up with home-town gal to clean out convention sports; death gives pause.	Excellent semi-documentary on management of crooked cubes; nice trips to Yosemite, Las Vegas.	Smooth stuff.
SHOOT THE WORKS *Brett Halliday* (Dodd Mead: $2.95)	Michael Shayne, hard-drinking Miami eye, takes on case of plugged broker; Chief Gentry has opposite views.	Second corpse develops; widow on spot; evidence withheld; million bucks turn up missing; pace moderate.	30th M.S. offering.
A JOHN DICKSON CARR TRIO (Harper: $3.95)	Reissue of "The Three Coffins" (1935), "The Crooked Hinge" (1938), "The Case of the Constant Suicides" (1941).	Dr. Gideon Fell heads investigations throughout; professor's murder, *Titanic* survivor, ghost in Scottish Highlands figure.	For JDC fans.
CAPTIVE *The Gordons* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Arizona payroll grabbers kidnap schoolmarm; local law, FBI, USAF team to track killers.	Conventional snatch yarn is saved by excellent and knowledgable background, color; good motion.	Scenic number.
IF DEATH EVER SLEPT *Rex Stout* (Viking: $2.95)	Archie Goodwin (Nero Wolfe's man Friday) takes on living-in secretarial job on behalf of irascible client; lead slugs take two.	Big fellow sits this one out but gets answer; Cramer and Stebbins of NY cops even snarlier than usual; large cast.	OK, as expected.
THE PRICE OF MURDER *John D. MacDonald* (Dell: 25¢)	Midwest parolee plots big deal; respectable brother worries; three slain (plus cardiac mortality) before good cops close in.	See-all technique well handled; some characters overdone but not disastrously; pace accelerates sharply in wow climax.	Usual A-1 job.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Carbon Copy

Continued from page 7

now things are not done by hand in the mountains like they used to be. Our coal is mined by machinery. Our timber is no longer cut by the old crosscut saw which, along with the ax, conditioned football and basketball players. Now, we have the power saw. Soon we will have the automatic ax. We no longer plow the rugged hills, we set them in trees or sow them in grass for pasture. We plow the little level land in our valleys with tractors, spread fertilizers by machinery, and sow cover crops until our average yield is four times over the old methods per acre. Men seldom farm land here unless it can be cultivated with machinery. The teams of mules and horses, jolt wagons, turning plows, and horse-drawn mowing machines are now obsolete. Our state universities and agricultural schools have changed all of this. Our national farm program started this back in the early Thirties. Agriculture has been revolutionized. And who ever heard of subsidies thirty years ago. We now get paid for what we don't raise. We used to get paid for what we raised. Some reversal! We even have machines to set our tobacco. This is hard for us to believe but it's true.

What has happened to all of the United States has happened to us. What has happened to America has happened to much of the world. We continue to get closer. I have written several stories where strangers from the other side of the mountain came over into our valley resulting in a knockdown, drag-out fight at pie socials or box suppers. We didn't know each other very well then for the mountains kept us apart. I can't write this kind of a story now. The hills don't keep us apart any longer. And our energy for fighting each other is used on the hardwood floors at terrific speeds and on the green turfs of the stadiums.

We have had to come to something Wendell Willkie wrote about in "One World." We have come to one community which can be called an American community. Other parts of America changed at earlier dates. Other parts of this vast country became carbon copies before we did. We were the last to become one. But we are really one now. After we once got started and progress took hold of us, we became a carbon copy in a hurry. Now we are just about like every other community in America. Our names, backgrounds, and the contours of our hills and valleys make about the only difference.

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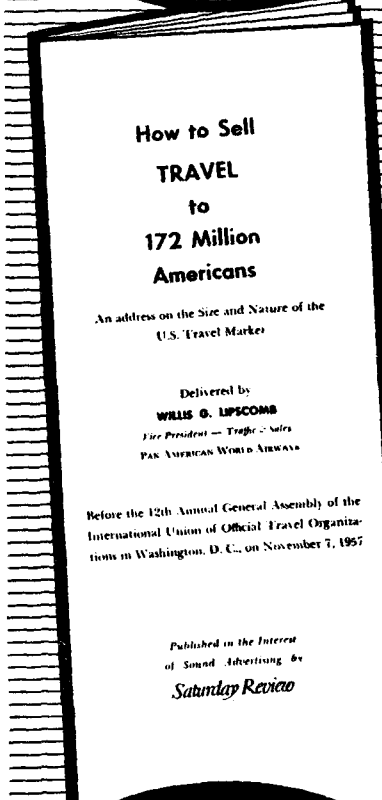
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(Continued from page 29)

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MUZIO ONSTAGE AND OFF

Much beloved by many who never saw her, and almost as little known, Claudia Muzio is typical of the phonograph's ability to preserve the best of a performer's art. In this essay enthusiast Jahant recreates more of the living Muzio than most of us have previously seen in print.

By CHARLES A. JAHANT

A VISITOR to the London home of Carlo Muzio in the mid-1890s enthused over the dark comeliness of the gentleman's young daughter. "What a lovely child!" she exclaimed. "She's going to be a beautiful woman when she grows up." But the young Claudia hid her head and sobbed, "I don't want to be beautiful! I want to be like la Melba!"

The musical world can be grateful that the young Muzio did not emerge simply as a replica of the cold, if perfect, Australian. Indeed, her talents veered in a very opposite direction. She learned to exploit fully a voice which, like Melba's, had been excellently schooled, but which, unlike Melba's, was filled with Mediterranean warmth and humanity.

The voice is not an easy one to describe. Today the term *lirico spinto* is often used to cover vocal deficiencies. Yet the Muzio voice was not essentially dramatic, though it was capable of so many shades of texture that its owner might have made of it anything she chose. It has never been noted before that her debut role was Gilda in "Rigoletto" at Messina, Sicily, on March 24, 1910. Wisely, she quickly went over to the lyric roles which remained her specialty. The greatest assets of the Muzio method were the ability to float the tones and to sing in a half-voice of unique quality. Because of the frequent glints of the Muzio voice in the performances of Renata Tebaldi, they have frequently been mentioned together. But the two artists, save for their vocal similarities, could not be less related. Tebaldi is at all times the performer of serene, controlled content. Muzio was ever the brooding, temperamental, tempestuous prima donna with more than the average streak of paranoia. She dramatized the troubles of her private life as vividly as she portrayed the unhappy heroines of opera on the stage.

This writer heard Tebaldi in Rome in 1948 in an opera by Casavola entitled "Salammbo." The second scene of this work gave the soprano an opportunity to sing long, sustained phrases while descending a stairway. The similarity between the contemporary voice and that of Muzio was startling, though it must be admitted that Tebaldi was troubled by the extreme reaches of the Casavola score. In her great days Muzio was unfailingly on pitch, always dead center on the note. She could summon hidden wells of pathos and color her music with a complete spectrum.

Lauri-Volpi in a recent book, "Voci

TWO AIDAS

Muzio—"brooding, temperamental."

Tebaldi—"serene, controlled."

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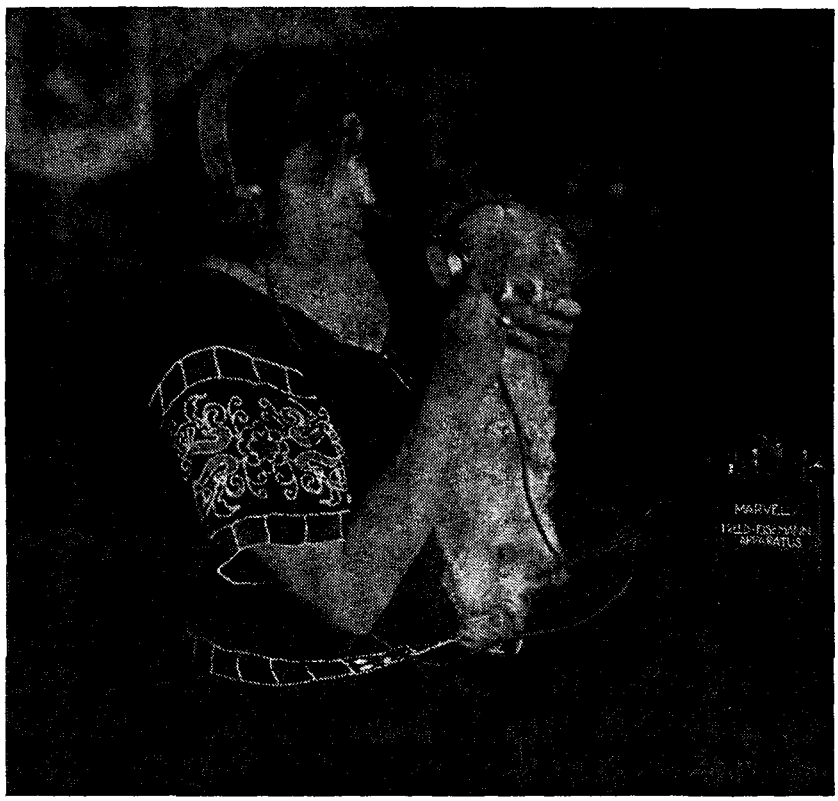

—Culver.

Muzio and pet listen to one of the early radios.

Parallele," compares the voices of Muzio and Tebaldi accurately as twin voices (*voci gemelle*). He adds, however, that whereas Muzio always differentiated her characters, *"Renata, è sempre Renata."*

But was Muzio actually the "Duse of Song"? This legend has stemmed in large part from her extreme skill in reading the letter in the recording of the last act air from "La Traviata," a superb example of acting with the voice. But we remember that, as Violetta, Muzio was a somewhat stout consumptive with a dead-white make-up, given to falling back a little violently on a convenient couch. Her Santuzza was characterized by an overworked, ever-heaving bosom. As illustrated by a photo of Muzio in "Cavalleria Rusticana," her face was usually painted with extreme anguish, often beyond the legitimate requirements of the role or the situation. Dramatic subtleties of the kind used by Mary Garden or Olive Fremstad did not appeal to her. Or was it simply that she had no feel or capacity to utilize them? The most accomplished of Muzio's dramatic successes was undoubtedly in "Aida." The stylized nature of the role limited the free-wheeling which she could throw in. The stiff and statuesque traditions of the part kept Muzio ever within the moderate bounds of gesture and feeling. Though she was given to making faces in the last act of "La Forza del Destino," the earlier parts of the role were delivered with complete good taste. Her Maddalena in "Andrea Chenier," likewise, had the dramatic restraint of a true patrician.

The biographical information which the Muzio headquarters gave out has always confused researchers. Even the great source-books, such as the new Grove's and the Oscar Thompson Cyclopedia, have merely copied the same data over and over. It is small wonder that, faced with a choice of several birthdates, *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, in its obituary, took matters into its own hands and unkindly credited the singer with fifty-two years (EDITOR'S NOTE: *Forty-seven would have been closer.*)

CLAUDIA MUZIO was born in the university town of Pavia, twenty miles south of Milan. The entry beneath her name in the city's vital statistics bureau states baldly that on February 7, 1889, at Number 4 Piazza del Duomo, was born Claudina Versati, of unknown parentage. A notation made in 1908 shows that the child was legitimized before the Italian Consular Authority in London in June of that year as the natural daughter of Carlo Muzio and Giovanna Gavirati of Milan, a couple just recently married. The father was attached to the opera company which played at Covent Garden during the summer months. During the fall and winter he transferred his services to the Metropolitan in New York. His position in both cities was described as stage manager, but the *New York Sun* also classified him as a prompter. His new wife was a chorister at Covent Garden and possibly also at the Metropolitan. In 1916 Claudia Muzio mentioned an aunt, Felicia Gavirati, as having been a famous singer of the Metropolitan. Whether Felicia and Giovanna were the same is anybody's guess. But the Metropolitan never programmed a Felicia Gavirati as a solo artist.

Muzio used to say that she had spent ten years of her childhood in England, and that she went to school in the Tottenham section of London. But she apparently spent some part of each year in New York, for she claimed to have learned much from observing Sembrich, Melba, Gadski, and Farrar at the Met. Working backward to Melba's final Grau season and to the first year of Farrar, we can safely place Muzio in New York between 1901 and 1906. In 1908 she was sent to live with relatives in Italy. Her mother had given her rudimentary voice lessons and in Turin she began the study of the piano. Her piano teacher was the then ninety-year-old Annetta Casaloni, who had been a famous mezzo-soprano of the 1840s and had, in fact, created the role of Maddalena in "Rigoletto." At some point during the lessons Casaloni discovered that her pupil had a voice and a very good one. She was a paragon of teachers, for, in Muzio's own words, "she said that my voice was too beautiful to meddle with and she would work with me only on scores." Muzio completed her vocal studies with a Mme. Viviani in Milan.

Her debut, as has been noted, was made at Messina on March 24, 1910. Emerging from the economic difficulties brought on by the disastrous earthquake of 1908, Messina was unable to afford high-priced opera. The first of the two works offered at the Teatro Mastrojeni was "Rigoletto." Tito Schipa, then a quasi-debutant, sang the Duke and Muzio was Gilda. No review of this performance was carried in the Messina papers, but a two-line dispatch to an Italian theatrical journal (*Rassegna Melodrammatica*) describes the soprano as "discreto," the equivalent of our word "adequate." After a tour of the island, the same troupe returned to Messina

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in July, when Muzio added the role of Violetta in "La Traviata." On this occasion both local papers reviewed her work with extravagant praise.

A year of occasional performances in small towns in the north of Italy followed. During this period, Muzio faced a recording horn for the first time. For the Gramophone Company of Milan she recorded two selections, "Mi chiamano Mimi" from "La Boheme" (included by Irving Kolodin in RCA Victor's "Fifty Years of Great Operatic Singing") and a fragment from the Third Act of "La Traviata." The voice, as here revealed, is young and fresh. The tones are round and well placed and the interpretation, especially in the "Traviata" excerpt, is that of a singer on her way to the top.

THE Teatro Dal Verme in Milan offered Muzio a contract for the winter of 1911-1912. The young artist sang in almost every performance of the season as Nedda, Musetta, and Marguerite, and as Lucia in Ponchielli's seldom-played "I Promessi Sposi." From this engagement she went directly to Arezzo, near Florence, for an appearance on February 12, 1912 as Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." *This* performance has always been referred to as the one of Muzio's debut.

The subsequent progress of the singer was rapid: Naples, Teatro San Carlo (1913); Milan, La Scala (1913-1914); London, Covent Garden (1914); Paris, Theatre des Champs-Elysees (1914); and Havana (1915). Early in July 1916, the town of San Pellegrino, near Bergamo, gave a special performance of Giordano's "Madame Sans-Gêne" in honor of the composer. Muzio sang the role of Napoleon's laundress friend. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Director of the Metropolitan, was present and after the opera was introduced by Giordano to the soprano. A tentative agreement for appearances in New York at some future time was agreed upon.

Just before the opening of the Metropolitan's 1916-1917 season it was discovered that Lucrezia Bori's troubled throat had not benefited by a year's rest and that she would be unable to take her old place in the company. Gatti cabled Milan for Muzio's services. Fortunately, the latter was able to get out of whatever commitments she had made. She packed her scores and costumes and left immediately, arriving in New York in mid-November. She and father Carlo turned up at the opera house within two hours of their arrival for a consultation with Gatti and another look at the auditorium.

Carlo Muzio had left the Metropolitan when Oscar Hammerstein opened his Manhattan Opera. When that company broke up he joined the Chicago Opera, where he remained until 1913. Since that time he had been inactive. He must have felt an honest pride at seeing Claudia take her place in the Metropolitan ranks. This distinction came at just the right moment, for the old gentleman died of heat prostration during the next summer.

Claudia Muzio's Metropolitan debut was made in "Tosca," on December 4, 1916. Caruso returned to his former role of Cavaradossi and Antonio Scotti, the prototype of all Scarpias, was the police captain. The critics were guardedly enthusiastic; the should-prove-a-valuable-member-of-the-roster theme was general. Gatti-Casazza, though, had unwittingly struck gold, for he had just received word that Emmy Destinn, his chief Verdian soprano, was being held prisoner-of-war in Czechoslovakia and would be unable to fill her contract. Muzio, instead of becoming a substitute for Bori, was assigned Destinn's roles in "Aida" and "Il Trovatore." Her single Bori role of the season was Nedda.

Muzio was the first Italian soprano to be engaged by the Metropolitan for a term of any considerable length. This in spite of its reputation as an "Italian" opera house. There had been others: Libia Drog, Maria Pettigiani, Maria de Macchi, Lina Cavalieri, Celestina Boninsegna and Tetrazzini, but these had either failed to satisfy, or had been engaged simply as guests. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Metropolitan's repertory always placed emphasis on bi- or tri-lingual singers.*] Her New York repertoire is too well remembered to chronicle in detail. Most notable were her first performances anywhere of Giorgetta in Puccini's "Il Tabarro" and the American creation of the soprano lead in "Eugene Onegin." An engagement at the open-air theatre in Ravinia Park introduced her to Chicago's opera-going public during the summer of 1918. She sang her Manhattan repertoire plus a truncated "Jewels of the Madonna," her first French "Manon" (Massenet), and tried out the "Butterfly" which she sang once during the following Met season. This was a part she quickly dropped. She stood almost five feet ten inches tall and was perhaps the tallest Cio-Cio-San on record.

The American branch of Pathé-Frères signed Muzio to a recording contract at this time. For them and for Edison she made around eighty selections, some of which have been re-issued on Esoteric LP. The vocal quality is amazingly faithful. It is regrettable that the orchestral accompaniments are so mediocre, but perhaps future engineering advances can make them sound a little better.

During the summers of 1919 through 1921 Muzio undertook vastly profitable tours of South America. Here she added some new roles to her list: Elsa in "Lohengrin," the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier," the title role in Fevrier's "Monna Vanna." She also took up again, for the first time since 1910, Violetta in "La Traviata." On the way back to New York in 1921 she sang a brief season in Mexico City.

MUZIO'S position as a Met favorite was secure enough. But there were rivals of considerable eminence: Alda, Bori, Easton, Farrar, Galli-Curci, Jeritza, and Ponselle were all claimants for some of her roles in 1921-1922. So, when the Chicago Opera, at the suggestion of Giorgio Polacco, a former Metropolitan conductor who had gone over to Chicago, offered Muzio a contract, the soprano decided to leave New York. Chicago not only paid her more money (her top salary was reported to have been $3,000 per performance) but it reduced the number of her competitors to two.

And what a pair these competitors Were! One was the superb Rosa Raïsa, Chicago's principal dramatic soprano, the other Mary Garden, equally stunning in her own special type of role. Both were such great favorites that they were seriously overworked. Muzio's primary duty was to relieve these artists from the necessity of singing three and even four times a week.

Muzio challenged Garden in only three roles: Tosca, Monna Vanna, and Fiora in "The Love of Three Kings." The first was able to stand on its own as one of the best of the Muzio roles in its own way, as distinct from the more intellectual Garden interpretation. The Muzio Monna Vanna was a total failure, while her Fiora was saved only by her vocal advantages. As the passionate princess Muzio was ill-served by her physical bulk and still less by her conven-

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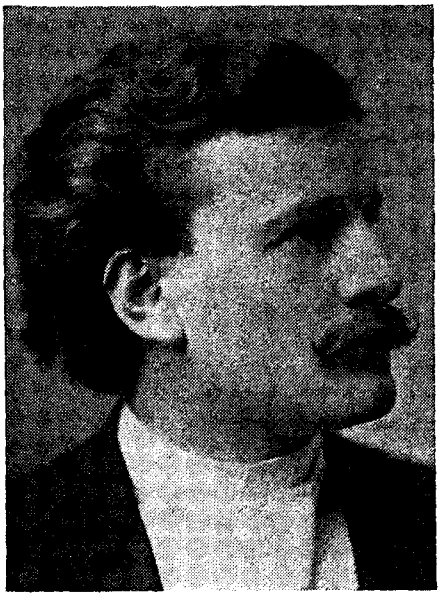
LAST OF THE LISZTEANS



Rosenthal in the 1890s.

By JAN HOLCMAN

AFTER listening to the reincarnation of Liszt's great pupil, Moriz Rosenthal, on a new Camden LP, one thing becomes apparent: time conquers the man. Not even the most beguiling label, the most mesmerizing notes, can undo sonic reality. There is a fifteen-year interval represented on this disc, between Rosenthal's first recordings session in 1928 and his last in 1942. But the eleven years between 1928 and 1939 tell the tale. The first Rosenthal is still Liszt's famed follower, offering an impressive display in his own "Blue Danube" paraphrase, recorded for Victor in 1928. The second Rosenthal, in 1939 a near-octogenarian recording the Chopin Sonata, has surrendered to the years; his tired fingers refuse to reproduce the music in his brain. All the same, Rosenthal's role in the history of pianism, his arresting personality, and our eagerness to hear him justify this issue.

Born in Poland in 1862, Rosenthal began his musical studies at an early age. His first piano teacher allowed the boy to play by ear, to improvise, and to learn repertoire with capricious fingering. At the age of nine little Rosenthal walked 400 miles, from his native Lwow to Vienna, to study under the celebrated pianist Joseffy. He was eleven when he appeared in public with his new teacher, Karl Mikuli, the renowned pupil of Chopin. At fourteen the young artist was named court pianist to Prince Carol I of Rumania. And in 1877 Rosenthal's dream was fulfilled: he became Liszt's own student for one year, and was to study with him again from 1884 until 1886, the year Liszt died.

Rosenthal's hobby was athletics—jiujitsu and boxing. He possessed enormous physical strength and utilized it in his performances, especially when he had to cope with Liszt's or his own acrobatic transcriptions. Pianists have occasionally had a string break during a recital, but Rosenthal put this traditional mishap in the shade when, in Cincinnati, he played the "Don Juan" Fantasy so thunderously that a piano leg collapsed. As he himself described it: "I had to play without the pedal. I finished the piece with one of *my* own legs holding up the instrument."

Although Rosenthal's name is seldom linked with historical discography, before this Camden release his artistic legacy contained twenty-five commercial records made between 1928 and 1936 on such colorful labels as Odeon, Ultraphone, Telefunken, Kalliope, Electrola, Parlophone, Edison US, American Decca, Columbia, and Victor (HMV). All of these are electrical recordings. The surprising LP under discussion here (Camden) covers performances made in 1928, 1939, and 1942. There are, however, a few more unreleased Rosenthals in existence: the Liszt E flat Concerto said to have been made in Europe, and some untouched masters made for Edison Bell about 1929 in this country. In addition to this, he recorded five miniatures for Victor, but at present these are not available for reproduction.

ONE may wonder why Rosenthal did not record when he was in his prime, but waited twenty-five years instead, and made his first recording at sixty-six. Unfortunately, he distrusted acoustical records and refused to perpetuate his playing during that phonographic era. He changed his mind only when the record companies had already celebrated their silver anniversary and offered a better recording method, called "electrical." Even though records were considerably improved by that time, this was not true of Rosenthal's playing. Occasionally the level of his performance began to depend on mere chance.

Faced with this situation, let's look first at Rosenthal's 78s, made before his age became a dominating factor. His brilliant version of the Chopin Etude Op. 10, Nr. 1 (1929) matches in every respect Backhaus's classic rendition. Pianistic and tonal equilibrium also characterize, to some extent, the Rosenthal version of Chopin's Fifth Waltz (1930) in contrast to his less orthodox recording of the Waltz in C sharp minor (1930). Certain stylistic mannerisms here can be identified with the artistic epoch which Rosenthal represented. Of eight recorded mazurkas, we find some interpreted with incomparable taste and elegance, for example the G major, Op. 67, No. 1 (1930), which constitutes one of the most charming readings in the entire record literature. Listening to this rendition one becomes aware of Rosenthal's influence on his younger contemporary Ignaz Friedmann, who also displayed Polish gallantry in his mazurkas and Viennese coquetry in his waltzes.

The longest work Rosenthal recorded is the Chopin E minor Concerto. This historical and eccentric set, dated 1930, consists of three ten-inch and two twelve-inch discs! It is the sole instance in the disc-literature where a pianist preferred the pompous Tausig variants. In this recording, while "only" sixty-eight, Rosenthal temporarily seems to have lost some of the pianistic assets which embellish other performances recorded in the same year. But if the listener now has certain doubts as to Rosenthal's technical abilities he should review the "Black Key" Etude (Parlophone, 1930) which Rosenthal ends with his famous *double-octave glissando*. For relief from technical fireworks, there is the retrospective "Soirée de Vienne," by Schubert-Liszt, where the artist is seduced by the gracious melody to the point of audibly accompanying it by his murmur (1936). Perhaps the choice item in Rosenthal's discography is, however, his extraordinary rendition of the "Vienna Carnival" (Rosenthal after Strauss), in the 1930 Parlophone version, which contains some stunning moments. The composition is a combination of Viennese nostalgia and an orgy of salon-like waltzes rising to a climax in which several themes are intertwined to form a polyphonic charade. Here, when Rosenthal's *fortissimo* reaches its zenith, we feel like leaving our chairs and joining the ethereal, invisible dancers. While Rosenthal's impressive technique is not always even in this work, his indefatigable power and explosive

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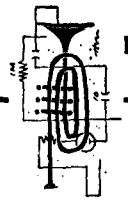


PERSPECTIVES IN JAZZ

Breaking the Rhythm Barrier

A THUNDERING two-way fusion of jazz and Cuban rhythms, crashing head-on, has created a new synthesis in American music. For the past fifty years our dance music (and especially jazz) has been ignited with African rhythms by way of the West Indies, and West Indian music (especially Afro-Cuban) has been penetrated by jazz idioms. Today, among an increasing number of experiments, successful blends are becoming plentiful and powerful. The result is strong stuff, tailored for citizens with a low foot-tapping threshold.

With a little practice, they say, rhythms which once sounded like a clutch of disordered pneumatic drills become positively soothing. And instruction is now available. On "Let's Play Bongos" (Hifirecord 803), drummer Jack Burger and narrator Danny Gould give step-by-step directions—with photographs—of how to master this instrument, while on "Latin Rhythms" (Lane 139), drummer Sam Ulano demonstrates how to play similar rhythms on a regular set of drums. This could lead to a new hobby of lease-breaking socials.

On the Cuban side, the blend surfaced in the thirties, when reasonably authentic Cuban music appeared in cities with large "Latin" populations and Calloway, Ellington, and others were dabbling in Cuban rhythms. The breakthrough occurred in 1947, when Dizzy Gillespie launched conga-drummer Chano Pozo at Town Hall. All by himself, Pozo held the audience in the palm of his blistered hand for a half hour. Thereafter, Kenton, Krupa, Cole, and Herman hired Cuban drummers; and Machito, Prado, Morales, and Puente hired jazzmen.

Nowadays jazz-tinged Cuban music and Cuban-tinged jazz—and almost everything in between—have become readily available. The range is wide. Relatively pure Afro-Cuban rhythms occur on "Sabu: Palo Congo" (Blue Note 1561) where drummers Sabu Martinez and Arsenio Rodriguez, assisted by a flock of percussionists, sing and assemble some fine rhythmic combinations. At the other extreme, similar rhythms are incorporated in concert pieces such as Perez Prado's "Voodoo Suite" (Victor 1101) featuring trumpeter Shorty Rogers and, on a more symphonic level, Gilberto Valde's "Tambo: A Cuban Ballet" (Montilla 92) which rates inclusion—if you can locate real drummers—in the classical repertory.

The most prolific fusion in Cuban music is based on the dance. Although their music is essentially Cuban, the bands of Machito, Perez Prado, Noro Morales, and Tito Puente have voyaged afar in jazz. This is dance music of power. On "Mambo With Morales" (Columbia 7039), Noro and Humberto play some clean and forceful piano-drum mambos—sample "St. Louis Blues Mambo"—adapting American tunes to Cuban styles. On "Mucho Puente" (Victor 1479), Tito mixes American standards with Cuban originals, spiced by occasional flute and vibraphone solos; on a later LP, "Night Beat" (Victor 1447), he crashes the jazz scene, moving into American big band territory. His "Carioca," with top-notch jazz soloists, is a flag-waving success.

Perhaps the deepest fusion in this broad field takes place in the many enduring experiments of Machito, who has been assimilating jazz harmonies and accents in his music for over fifteen years. (At one time, Machito recorded with Charlie Parker.) His latest LP, "Mambo Holiday" (Harmony 7040), is a predominantly Cuban and stable blend of his own, of which "Bongo Fiesta" is pleasantly typical. Here is the spearhead of Cuban-American dance music.

On the jazz side, the blend began long before World War I, when Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton insisted on a "Spanish tinge" to season his music. More recently, we have recordings by notable jazzmen with subtle but definite Cuban flavoring. Thus, on "The Drum Suite" (Victor 1279), four jazz drummers—Teddy Sommer, Osie Johnson, Don Lamond, and Gus Johnson—blow up a tasty storm. Unlike many other drum recordings, there are no long and meaningless solos here, for Manny Albam and Ernie Wilkins have written out the drum parts and integrated them neatly with a small swinging group. Dont miss the second movement, "Bristling," where the drummers use brushes.

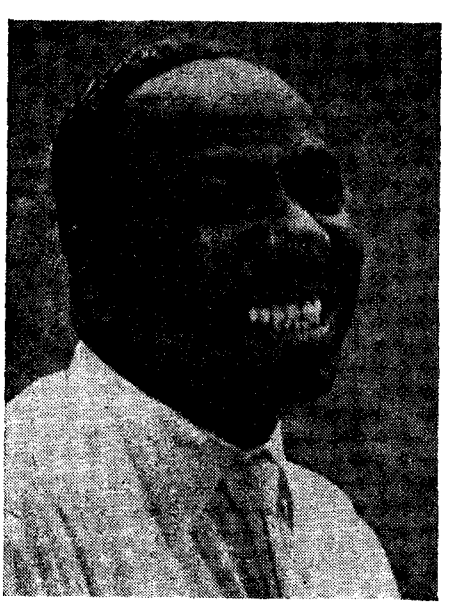
The Spanish tinge is more explicit in "Candido the Volcanic" (ABC Paramount 180), where the conga drum furnishes a foundation for an all-star band conducted by Ernie Wilkins. Candido, who has played with many jazz groups, establishes a rhythmic obligato which increases the flow of the music. He functions simply as an added—and well assimilated—ingredient. "Takeela," for example, is peppery and effervescent, while "Kinda' Dukish" has a bit more substance and invention.

The head-on collisions between jazz and Cuban drumming, however, take place on recordings of jazz-drummer Art Blakey and a variety of other drummers, most of whom have already been noted. On two LPs entitled "Orgy in Rhythm" (Blue Note 1554-5), Blakey, Jo Jones (of Basie fame), Candido, Sabu, and five other percussionists, assisted by flute, piano, and bass, unleash a rhythmic juggernaut. The results are a little uneven—as they must be—but "Abdallah's Delight," a blues with a crescendo of Cuban rhythms, is fine.

The peak is reached in another Blakey album, "Drum Suite" (Columbia 1002) with a number called "The Sacrifice." The incendiary Blakey, pushed by Jo Jones, Sabu, and Candido, as well as Ray Bryant and Oscar Pettiford, kindles a rhythmic holocaust. One reason, of course, is that new drummers are added, one by one, as the rhythm swells; another is that clearly distinct use is made of every percussion instrument from claves to tympani; and finally, it may be said without hesitation, the drummers sound truly inspired.

If, as they claim, these drum recordings were made to demonstrate hifi equipment, this is not the first time that art has been surreptiously served. Perhaps the record companies have builded better than they knew, for the rhythm barrier has been broken once again with a new an deeper fusion of jazz and Cuban rhythms.

—MARSHALL W. STEARNS.



Osie Johnson—"a tasty storm."

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Recordings in Review

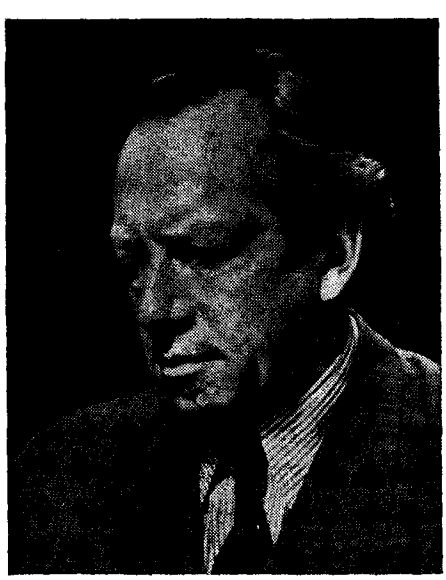
Two Sides of Stravinsky

STRAVINSKY: *"Agon," "Canticum Sacrum." The composer conducting the Los Angeles Festival Orchestra Chorus, Richard Robinson, tenor, and Howard Chitjian, baritone.* Columbia ML 5215, $3.98.

AS IS well known, phonograph records have two sides, and it is almost as well known that Igor Stravinsky does, also. One is the long line of ballets stretching back to "L'Oiseau de Feu"; the other is a hardly less abiding interest in the problems of voices and orchestras, from the secular "Rossignol" to the profounder sentiments of "Symphonie des Psaumes." In this evidence of his latest work, we have, indeed, two sides of Stravinsky.

Both have been commented upon previously in these pages, and doubtless will again, for neither is a work that one can take or leave after a single hearing. At this time of increasing familiarity, I must report that the recording tends to invert, somewhat, the impressions recently conveyed by the works in live performance. That is to say, "Agon" does not quite match the spirit and interest it possessed when matched with George Balanchine's choreography for the New York City Ballet, while the "Canticum Sacrum" has a more spaciously pictorial quality than it did in the Carnegie Hall performance directed by Charles Munch.

Whether these values are related, in some way, to the personality of Igor Stravinsky, conductor, operating upon the work of Igor Stravinsky, composer, is a pertinent question—for he is the one constant in a relationship, otherwise, of variables. His sense of tone color and vocal enunciation give the "Canticum Sacrum" more expressivity and less monotony of color than the version previously heard, whereas his treatment of "Agon" tends to make it sound desiccated and without continuity. In any case, these two works do more than extend the Stravinsky catalogue numerically; they add something distinctive to his already lengthy list of consequential achievements. Because of the nature of the scoring in each, there is not much high-fidelity "glamour" in the results, but they are clear, well-balanced, and faithful to the originals.



Ludwig—"persuasive performance."

A New Approach to Mahler

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 4 in G. Leopold Ludwig conducting the Saxon State Orchestra, with Anny Schlemm, soprano.* Decca DL 9944, $3.98.

IS IT POSSIBLE, after all, that the trouble with Mahler is not Mahler but Mahler-conductors? One is moved to that speculation by the appearance of this fine-grained, beautifully reproduced performance under the direction of Ludwig (who, as it happens, is an incumbent of a position in the Hamburg Opera that the composer himself occupied nearly seventy years ago). The Fourth Symphony is, famously, one of the most congenial of all, but I have rarely heard a more persuasive performance of it.

Ludwig's treatment goes to the heart of the musical matter, without an overlay of that kind of tonal gloss that seems inseparable from most performances of Mahler. Bruno Walter, of course, can make the matter and the gloss a totality, but with most others the vibratos and the portamenti tend to be excessive. Ludwig "reads" the score of Mahler as he might one of Schubert, playing it as he sees it, without trying to remind us that this was the expression of a man who was unhappy and suffered a great deal.

Thus, there is more dynamic accentuation and definition of voices than is usually heard in the first movement, a stronger, more sustained line than is customary in the third. The approach to the vocal finale is beautifully made, the sense of continuity in the whole strongly conveyed. However, Miss Schlemm hardly comes up to the standard of the previous movements in her singing of the finale. It is a young, attractive voice, but the artistry is somewhat tentative and insecure for the requirements of this moment. On the other hand, there can be nothing but praise for the superb Dresden Orchestra and its sumptuous reproduction. DG's engineers have created a new standard for themselves.

Dual "Emperors"

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 5 in E flat. Emil Gilels, piano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Ludwig.* Angel 35476, $4.98. *Solomon, piano, with the Philharmonia conducted by Herbert Menges.* RCA Victor LM 2108, $3.98.

AS WELL as adding two more thoroughly qualified versions to those already available by Rubinstein, Horowitz, Backhaus, Serkin, Gieseking, Kempff, Curzon, and Casadesus, these "Emperors" also shed some light on events of the future and the past. The first, of course, would be the series of Carnegie Hall concerts to come in mid-January when Gilels will play all of the Beethoven concerti; the second would be the unfortunate affliction which interrupted Solomon's career about a year ago, and has not permitted him to resume it yet (see page 46).

Assuming that Gilels is playing in the form of this April 1957 recording, his New York audience will hear a brilliant and proclamative "Emperor" full of imperial splendor, whatever the proletarian character of its interpreter. Taken altogether, this is the biggest, most commanding keyboard work Gilels has yet put on records. I am, however, not convinced that the pianist has as much feeling for the musical insides of the work as he has for the pianistic outsides. Certainly the kind of imperious insight which Backhaus brings to this music (or Schabel did for so long) is not yet at Gilels's command.

Many more months between recording and release must have elapsed between Solomon's visit to the studio and the appearance of the results, for it is obviously the effort of a man altogether able to do what he wants to. For my taste, Solomon's tonal production is somewhat insufficient for the requirements of the first movement, but he plays the second with eloquence, fine sound, and all the necessary gradations of power. These same qualities, combined with rather more mental sparkle than Gilels musters, makes an exhilarating experience of his finale.

In addition to his own virtuosity, Gilels has the advantage of some months' advance in recording science

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which gives his version—even with the same Philharmonia Orchestra, in possibly the same recording studio—a deal of tonal radiance and dynamic range not matched by its English equivalent. Indeed, in its match of rich brass and vibrant timpani to the special needs of the score, this is one of the best orchestra-piano recordings now available. And lest the contribution of the conductor be overlooked, it may be noted that it is the same Ludwig commended for his Mahler above who drives this virtuosity vehicle with a sure hand, no matter what the pace. Menges (a one-time contributor to these pages) also does his work well, if in a more conventional spirit.

Bruch As It Should Be Broached

MENDELSSOHN: *Concerto in E minor, opus 64.* BRUCH: *Concerto in G minor. Ruggiero Ricci, violin, with the London Symphony conducted by Pierino Gamba.* London LL 1684, $3.98.

WHAT IS there new to say about recordings of Mendelssohn and Bruch? Only as much as the performer of the occasion finds new to say about them himself, a detail in which Ricci has given us eloquent proof of his continuing devotion to the highest objectives of his calling. It must be more than thirty years ago that I first heard Ricci (now a greybeard) play with that peculiar blend of intensity and finesse which are his special attributes. There were times, in the intervening years, when it seemed he might not have the sheer physical endurance to achieve his rightful place among the world's premier violinists, but that danger, happily, seems to have passed.

Some of these qualities vitalize his performance of Mendelssohn, but much more of them are appropriate to Bruch, and Ricci is too acute an artist to overstate a case simply because he is capable of doing it. From the driving opening of "Vorspiel," however, his Bruch is as much fire and flame as a violinist can produce from his instrument without, in truth, consuming it. Arranging a hierarchy of values in a work whose interpreters include Milstein, Heifetz, Stern, Oistrakh, Elman, Menuhin, and Francescatti is more a matter of hair-splitting than I care to indulge in, but if one gives Ricci A for Ardor, he stands first in at least one alphabetical order. Tonally and technically, he draws B for Balance, at least.

Though I have never seen Gamba direct an orchestra, his recent work for London suggests that he has emerged from the dubious state of baton prodigy which was his a decade or so ago, and is worthy of serious consideration among the generation's younger conductors. There are, indeed, less capable statements of Bruch's orchestral score among the well-known names associated with the violinists of the foregoing list. As for the recording, it listens like the product of a stereophonic original, the fuller and more resonant for that reason.

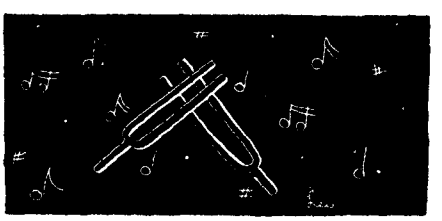
Refresher Course in Chopin

CHOPIN: *Scherzos in B flat minor and C sharp minor, Nocturnes in E flat B major, F, and C sharp minor, Barcarolle. Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* RCA Victor LM 2137, $3.98.

HERE IS this month's Recommended Listening in Piano Artistry I, a refresher course in the kind of Chopin that was a standard by which others could be measured when Horowitz appearances were more frequent than they have been of late. And when has one last heard the C sharp minor scherzo played with the immense dynamic range and dramatic conflict evoked for it here? Not even from Horowitz, for it was never in his concert repertory, and he has not recorded it previously.

Paradoxically, while Horowitz has been combating physical problems which have prevented concertizing, he has developed a repose and composure in his playing which were rarely present before. Both the "Nocturnes" and the "Barcarolle" of this sequence are exemplary for an intimacy of statement which makes the passages of contrast the more striking. As for an apparently unmeasured but infinitely refined application of rubato, Horowitz has few competitors today (save, perhaps, his senior colleague Artur Rubinstein).

Some may find the piano reproduction (especially of the works on side one) disappointing by some contemporary standards. However, it must be allowed that the technicians are dealing with a performer of vast dynamic range, and the microphoning that will permit a full reproduction of his fortissimo may not be equally favorable to his pianissimo (especially if they alternate in the same piece, as in the B flat minor scherzo). Always, however, there is clarity and the characteristically massive attack, especially in the bass.



Brahmsabend with Hotter

BRAHMS: *"Wie Melodien Zieht Es," "Sonntag," "Minnelied," "Komm Bald," "Wir Wandelten," "Wie Bist Du, Meine Königin," "Sapphische Ode," "Botschaft," "Sommerabend," "Mondenschein," "Ständchen," "Heimweh 2," "O Wüsst Ich Doch Den Weg Zurück," "Auf dem Kirchhofe," "Heimkehr," "In Waldeseinsamkeit," "Wenn Du Nur Zuweilen Lächelst," and "Verrat." Hans Hotter, baritone, with Gerald Moore, piano.* Angel 35057, $4.98.

EACH TIME a new Hans Hotter record appears I unwrap it hopefully, anticipating that this time it will be one I really enjoy, thus putting me on the side of those who regard him as a distinguished artist and convincing *lieder* singer. Often enough, I strike a sequence in which for some minutes consecutively the happy outcome seems at hand. Here, for example, it comes for a while in "Sommerabend," until there is need for a high tone, forte: the sound that is offered is undoubtedly vocal, but it does not strike me as either distinguished or convincing.

Given a certain kind of vocal problem, as in "In Waldeseinsamkeit," where Hotter can use his half-voice to advantage, his musical intelligence and unquestionable seriousness of purpose can meet the poetic-musical problem better than half-way. And in such a song as "Verrat," his huge tonal resource makes vivid its tragic content, as his deep affection for the art makes memorable his "Sapphische Ode." However, anyone acquainted with Schlusnus's "Ständchen" or "Minnelied," Lehmann's "Wie bist du, meine Königin," or Kipnis's "Wir Wandelten" will find Hotter's spread, hollow sound a fundamental disability. As for "Botschaft," it is remarkable that Hotter can make his voice do it at all; but why, if it is so against its fundamental nature?

The monotony of mood and style that pervades the dozen and a half songs even subdues the normally mercurial Moore. Certainly one recognizes in his style of performance here an act of devotion to the needs and requirements of his partner, but this, it strikes me, is carrying loyalty too far. The technical problems in matching the piano sound to a voice of Hotter's variability have been surely, subtly managed. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Concerto in D minor. Sarasate: Navarre, etc. David and Igor Oistrakh, violins, with orchestra and piano. Monitor MIC 2009, $4.98.	The level of execution here is typically "Oistrakh," especially the Bach double, which is full of tightly woven instrumental interplay and a complete unanimity of expressive outlook. The slow movement is a particular delight, with the accompaniment well integrated under the direction of Rudolf Barshai. In the Bach G major sonata and the Op. 11, No. 1 of Hindemith Oistrakh Sr. has the assistance of his usual associate V. Yampolsky at the piano. This side is marred by wavery sound due to a tape slip. The Bach concerto sounds somewhat better.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol P 8398, $3.98.	A sizable, thoroughly studied, beautifully prepared performance, good enough in its basic attributes to merit comparison with the best now available. In these terms, the first movement compares favorably with those on the Toscanini-Reiner-Walter level, and the second movement is close. However, Steinberg doesn't develop the momentum or rhythmic propulsion to drive the scherzo or the turbulent finale to their full thrust. The recording may be partially at fault, the bottom lacking sufficient weight.
Boccherini: Symphonies in A and C. Franco Caracciolo conducting the Scarlatti Orchestra. Angel 35384, $4.98.	Congenial, cheerful works of 1787 and 1788, whose character is well apprehended by Caracciolo and aptly expressed by the players. Caracciolo hardly gives them full dynamic stature, but he also avoids exaggeration or distortion. The A major is especially interesting for the Haydn suggestions of its finale, which falls into some patterns akin to those of his well known G major (No. 88). Good sound.
Dvorak: Serenade in E flat, Op. 22. Rafael Kubelik conducting the Israel Philharmonic. London LL 1720, $3.98.	This charming work has been recorded several times previously (Boyd Neel, Winograd, etc.) but never on this level of competence, artistic sympathy or temperamental affinity. An excellent example of Kubelik's gifts functioning at their best, in an area congenial to him. The quality of string performance is very high, this being the aspect of the orchestra which compares best with its contemporaries. The recorded sound is bright, but with a silky sheen.
Falla: "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." G. Soriano, piano, with orchestra conducted by Ataulfo Argenta. Rodrigo: Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra. Narciso Yepes, with Argenta. London LL 1738, $3.98.	A charming addition to the recently issued "Music of Spain" series, in which Argenta casts a magical spell over the Falla score and Soriano shows himself a much abler pianist than in his local appearance of February 1954. The Rodrigo is attractive not only for its deft adjustment of orchestral values to the limited sonority of the guitar, but also for the real invention and musical resource of the ideas and their exposition. Fine sound.
Glière: "Ilya Mourometz." Leopold Stokowski conducting the Houston Symphony Orchestra. Capitol P 8402, $3.98.	This is the truncated "two side" version of Glière's score which Stokowski pioneered in Philadelphia during the 1930s, and has, on the whole, been better represented on the recent version by the original orchestra directed by Ormandy for Columbia. Stokowski has done a remarkable work of making the Houston ensemble play well, but it is still short of manpower for comparison with his old affinity. The horns, particularly, make a recognizably Stokowskian sound. The low strings here are notably well reproduced.
Kabalevsky: Symphony No. 4. The composer conducting. Prokofiev: "The Volga Meets the Don." S. Samosud conducting the Moscow Philharmonic. Monitor MC 2007, $4.98.	In this first recording of a work recently introduced to America under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, the composer makes out a persuasive case for himself. The lyric line is broadly sustained, the contrasts of character in the writing effectively exposed. The orchestra plays well, but the recording suffers from lack of definition, especially at the top and bottom. The Prokofiev work, of 1951, blends some folk tunes associated with the two rivers in a fantasy not, really, of his true fantasy. Substandard reproduction.
Mozart: Concerto No. 3 in E flat. Haydn: Trio in E flat, etc. Joseph Eger, horn, with orchestra conducted by Joseph Rosenstock, and chamber music ensemble. RCA Victor LM 2146, $3.98.	Eger is a master of every crook and cranny of this tricky instrument, plus a few intricacies he has devised himself. However, the stress he places on the cadenzas in the Mozart define him more as a brilliant technician than a wholehearted interpreter of the music he is performing. In other pieces ranging from Schubert's "Forelle" to a Gershwin prelude, Eger makes clear a remarkable virtuosity. He also gives a verbal discourse on the instrument's history, with illustrations.
Mozart: Concertos in E flat (No.9,K. 271), and A (No.12,K.414). Rudolf Serkin, piano, with orchestra conducted by Alexander Schneider. Columbia ML 5209, $3.98.	Though these works fall outside the circle of those Mozart wrote for self-performance in Vienna and hence are not reckoned with his "greatest," they are in every other way exceptional in their ingenuity, artistry, and originality. Serkin and Schneider work at them in a chamber music spirit which conveys all their values within a tonal framework much more suitable than the recent collaboration of Serkin and Szell. The sound, recorded as heard at the Marlboro, Vermont, Festival last summer, is uncommonly good.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 33 (B flat) and 36 ("Linz"). Eugen Jochum conducting the Bavarian Radio Orchestra. Decca DL 9920, $3.98.	A rather belated entry in the current catalogue of Mozart symphonic recordings, with eight (at least) of each now available. Jochum's versions fall between the best and the worst of each, with a little more sparkle and vitality in the B flat than the C major. The recording, like the performances, is better than adequate, less than brilliant.
Mozart: Symphonie Concertante. Benjamin: Romantic Fantasy. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with William Primrose, viola, orchestra conducted by Izler Solomon. RCA Victor LM 2149, $3.98.	Heifetz and Primrose are a predestined combination for Mozart's great work: indeed, it may strike some as a reissue, for they have collaborated previously in Mozart, and Primrose has recorded this work with Isaac Stern. However, we may assure all this is a dream come true, not a vision reappeared. Solomon collaborates as an equal in an ensemble effort of the first order. A brighter studio would have given a more resonant result. Benjamin's work fluctuates, at LP length between the lyric and the lively. If Heifetz and Primrose are good enough for Mozart, they are—Q.E.D.—too good for Benjamin. Similar sound.
Von Suppé "Light Cavalry," "Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna," "Queen of Spades." Adam: "If I Were King," etc. Raymond Agoult conducting the New Symphony Orchestra of London. RCA Victor LM 2134, $3.98.	Conductor Agoult's name is a new one to me, but he has been well-indoctrinated in the loftier view of these middle-brow pieces. His "Morning, Noon, and Night" is not such a heady affair as Beecham's, but it can bear itself proudly in any company but the most exalted. Auber's "Crown Diamonds" and Hérold's "Zampa" concludes a sextet of work with as many vibrant tunes and dashing orchestral effects as can be absorbed in the allotted span of time. Broadly resonant recording. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Muzio Onstage

Continued from page 33

tional acting of one of Garden's most cherished characters.

Raïsa maintained sole title to certain works to which the lighter Muzio voice did not entitle her: "Les Huguenots," "La Gioconda," "La Juive," "L'Africaine," and "Norma" (although Muzio sang the latter work elsewhere). Otherwise, the two artists alternated in much the same repertoire. Given a choice of Raïsa or Muzio in, say, "Aida," one's favorite depended upon whether one preferred dramatic sweep and a voice of phenomenal power, or a smaller-scaled version sung with delicacy, simplicity, and warmth.

There were no known personal frictions between the three artists. Raïsa and Garden were always willing partners in sharing their roles, and even today speak enthusiastically of the dead soprano. Muzio, however, was of a suspicious nature. George Meeker in his "To Chicago With Love" gives a graphic picture of the artist at home in a room from which all light was excluded, brooding tearfully over the machinations of her rivals, "both sentimental and professional." And Lauri-Volpi, again in "Voci Parallele," speaks of Muzio as a great and happy figure on the stage, but self-deprecating and unhappy in private life. Alexander Kipnis says that she never mingled with any of her Chicago associates, but left for home immediately after a performance.

Muzio remained in Chicago for ten years—except for a sabbatical in 1929—until the company's collapse in 1932. The seasons were shorter than the Met's, and left her time for outside engagements. These included three seasons under Toscanini at La Scala, a tour of Germany and Switzerland, engagements at Monte Carlo and the Paris Opera. The San Francisco Opera Association gave her top billing for five seasons. In 1928 she made her debut in Mussolini's Rome, singing in what was described as a modern-dress "La Traviata," in which Violetta tuned in Alfredo's voice in Act I on a radio.

In South America from 1925 through 1928 Muzio subsidized her own tours. In 1929, at the age of forty, Muzio married the twenty-three-year-old Renato Liberati. Like a majority of her tenors (Schipa, Martinelli, Gigli, Cortis, and others) her new husband was considerably shorter than herself. This gave rise to a number of backstage witticisms which made Muzio's life miserable and made her

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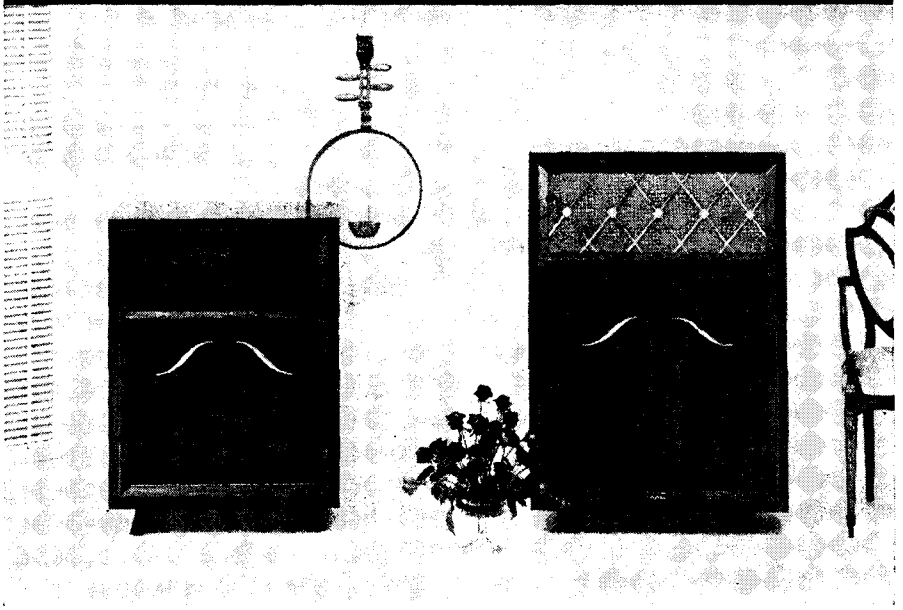

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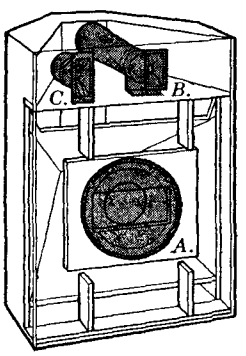

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Chopin: Impromptus and Ballades. Agi Jambor, piano. Capitol P 8403, $3.98.	The thoroughness and care of Jambor's performances are as worthy of admiration here as in her Bach: occasionally, as in the "Fantaisie-Impromptu," she adds something meaningful to our conception of the music she performs. For the most part, however, it is methodical, rather small-scaled, and without the freshness of spirit or the warmth of personality wanted in this literature.
Gnattali: Concertino for Guitar and Piano, Villa-Lobos: Gavota-Chôro, Almeida: "Serenata," etc. Laurindo Almeida, guitar, with Ray Turner, piano. Capitol P 8301, $3.98.	Almeida is a guitarist of resource and taste, whose choice of music enables him to range widely in moods and methods, most of them related to Brazil. The "Concertino" is a particularly ingratiating effort by Radamés Gnattali (born in 1906) which achieves an attractive blend of guitar and piano sonorities. Altogether, a record for late hour listening, when something dulcet is wanted after the cares of the day (or the night). Discreet and non-intrusive, this fits the need completely. Effective reproduction.
Leoncavallo: "Pagliacci" ("Prologo"), Puccini: "Un tal baccano," Verdi: "Cortigiani" ("Rigoletto"), "Di Provenza" ("Traviata"), etc. Tito Gobbi, baritone, with the Scala Orchestra conducted by Sabata, Serafin, and Votto. Angel 35563, $4.98.	The Gobbi voice is typically variable in these excerpts from operas previously issued complete on the Angel label, but his attention to word values and the sense of the dramatic situation makes something arresting of each performance, nevertheless. The Verdi excerpts include "Alla vita" and "Eri tu" from "Un Ballo," and, in the "Traviata" excerpt, Giuseppe di Stefano as Alfredo. Withal, Gobbi could approach a reasonable ideal of bel canto closer than he does, especially in his roughly produced top tones. The several sound sources produce a variable kind of resonant background.
Liszt: "Paganini" etudes, Spanish Rhapsody, "Feux Follets." Ruth Slenczynska, piano. Decca DL 9949, $3.98.	None of these is lacking in challenging pianistic problems and Miss Slenczynska solves them, on the whole, well enough. However, she has not enough of the musical discipline or poetic impulse required to make them really interesting. "Campanella" is subjected to marked idiosyncrasies of tempo and phrasing, and the "Spanish Rhapsody" doesn't quite make its point. Rather than being magical, the whole is rather prosaic and hard driven.
Liszt: Sonetti del Petrarca (Nos. 47, 104 and 123). Chopin: Impromptu No. 1 in A flat, Fantaisie Impromptu, Nocturne in D flat, etc. Louis Kentner, piano. Capitol P 8400, $3.98.	For much of these two sides, the performances show Kentner at his most ingratiating—an artist of formidable musical attainments, with sufficient mechanical resources to make his always personal ideas compelling. The fall from grace comes, unfortunately, at the end of side two, where after a series of warmly agreeable Chopin interpretations he takes on Liszt's garish elaboration of the waltz from "Faust" (Kermesse scene) and does little to make it either entertaining or exciting. The Sonnets of Petrarca are on a much higher level. Excellent sound (doubtless by way of HMV.)
Mozart: "Exsultate Jubilate," "Benedictus sit Deus," "Vesperae Solennes de Confessore." (K. 339). Erna Berger, soprano, Marga Höffgen, contralto, Horst Wilhelm, tenor, and Ferdinand Frantz, bass, with orchestra and chorus conducted by Forster. Angel 35409, $4.98.	In addition to demonstrating the beauty of the "Vesperae Solennes de Confessore"—a six part work with an especially expressive "Laudate Dominum"—this disk shows that Erna Berger, at age fifty-seven, can still command all the purity and ease of sound which have been publicly associated with her for more than thirty years. She sings the "Laudate" with remarkable fluency, the "Exsultate Jubilate" with a fine command both of legato and florid detail. Fine sound, sometimes a little too resonant for the best perception of verbal values.
Mozart: "Laudate Dominum," "Alleluia," "Benedictus sit Deus," etc. Strasbourg Cathedral Choir, and Monique Linval, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Mgr. Hoch. London LL 1590, $3.98.	Something of a partial parallel to the foregoing, in that the items indicated at the left are all parts of the works also performed by the Berlin ensemble. Linval is hardly a Berger, but she sings well, and the disk also offers a "Sancta Maria," (K. 273), the "Ave Verum Corpus" written in June of his last year, and several shorter works of high quality. The aural surroundings of the Strasbourg Cathedral add something to the total.
Mozart: Quartets in G (K. 387) and C (K. 465). Juilliard Quartet. RCA Victor LM 2167, $3.98.	It is very hard to find fault with either of these performances, which means, perhaps, that it is unreasonable to try. My only strong feeling is that the same amount of knowledge and instrumental command expressed through the tone quality of the Amadeus ensemble would have a more warming effect. That minor complaint aside, this is Mozart playing of superior poise, comprehension and technical finesse. Excellent sound.
Mozart: "Les Petits Riens," Grieg: "Holberg" suite. Karl Münchinger and the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. London LL 1685, $3.98.	There have been two or three previous recordings of this charming work of Mozart's twenty-first year, but none which approached the beauty and meaning imparted to it by the fine ensemble and its able director. When played for all it is worth (much more than Mozart's deprecating title would suggest) it is full of intimations of things to come. Münchinger's Grieg is a little straitlaced for the happiest service to this bubbling music, but it is certainly well played and resonantly reproduced.
Schubert: Quintet in A ("Forellen"). Szymon Goldberg, violin, Willian Primrose, viola, Nikolai Graudan, cello, Victor Babin, piano, and Stuart Sankey, bass. RCA Victor LM 2147, $3.98.	All the participants are thoroughly qualified for their tasks with the possible exception of Babin, whose sound lacks the incisiveness and point to take command where it is desirable. This may seem a paradoxical requirement in a chamber music work, but it is one which is valuable in reserve, and sometimes indispensable. The result is a thoroughly competent, occasionally expressive effort lacking a personality of Schnabel's strength to give it direction. Good recording, though the double bass could have more prominence than allotted to it.
Tartini: Sonatas in G minor ("Devil's Trill" and "Didone"), Variations on a Theme by Corelli. Erica Morini, violin, with Leon Pommers, piano. Westminster XWN 18594, $3.98.	Whether regarded as models for the aspiring sub-professional or independent examples of violinistic artistry, Miss Morini's performances are models of clarity, control, and, for that matter, musical culture. She is to be particularly commended for adding the "Didone Abbandonata" to the more usual "Devil's Trill," for it is worthy of more favor than it presently enjoys. The excerpts from the "Art of Bowing" are also beautifully played. Pommer's piano is well in the picture.
Verdi: "Infelice" ("Ernani"), "Confutatis" (Requiem), Mozart: "Non piu andrai," "Halevy: "Si La Rigeur" ("La Juive"), etc. Ezio Pinza, bass. Camden CAL 401, $1.98.	A properly inclusive cross-section of the late Pinza's range and versatility as an operatic artist, with such high points as his "Dormiro sol" ("Don Carlo"), "Possente Numi" ("Magic Flute"), and "Veau d'Or" ("Faust"), in addition to those noted. All the material dates from his richest period, prior to 1930, save the "Figaro" excerpt (1939). The "Requiem" excerpt is not from the classic Serafin-Gigli-Caniglia-Stignani, but an independent effort of May 1929. Vocally magnificent, it doesn't have quite the awesome quality of his other interpretation.
Zeller: "Der Vogelhändler" (excerpts). Hilde Zadek, J. Patzak, etc. Rudolf Moralt conducting. Epic LC 3403, $3.98.	Some of Vienna's most talented people (Wilma Lipp, Eberhard Wächter, Erich Majkut, etc.) take part in these excerpts of a Strauss-influenced operetta of the 1890's. Lively and attractive business, very well performed. —Irving Kolodin.

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withdraw more than ever from the artistic circle about her.

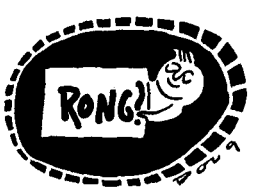
The spring of 1930 saw the beginning of the illnesses that were soon to kill the singer. She canceled all her appearances for the year, but was well enough to return to Chicago for a twenty-week engagement in October. She always gave freely of herself to Chicago. When Hilda Burke broke an arm and was unable to tour in 1931, Muzio sang the double roles of Nedda and Santuzza, in addition to her own repertoire, throughout a long tour of the country.

In 1934, Muzio was welcomed back to the Met for two guest appearances. As Violetta she received a fifteen-minute ovation. She repeated the role in Philadelphia and was heard again in New York as Santuzza and then no more. It is true that she was on her way to Rome to create the heroine in Refice's "Cecilia," but she was not asked to sing again at the Metropolitan. Muzio claimed later that two of the company's most beloved sopranos had not been pleased by the triumphs of the visitor.

In the old-fashioned Verdian repertoire she was the expert prima donna, kicking her train with Anna Russell's vehemence, pressing her knuckles against her forehead, heaving her *balcon*, and sometimes chewing the scenery. It was the voice that did the acting. For Muzio was ever sensitive to the exact shades of meaning required by a composer. Bearing in mind that the voice had started its decline when she recorded them, the Italian Columbia duets with Francesco Merli from "Otello" display her range of expression from ethereal pianissimi to the great chest tones which bespeak Desdamona's outrage.

In the autumn of 1935, Muzio returned to Rome tired out from a season in Brazil. Exhausted and suffering from Bright's Disease and heart trouble, Muzio died at her apartment in the Hotel Majestic in Rome on Sunday morning, May 24, 1936.

As with a growing catalogue of artists of the recent past, Muzio's art is kept alive through her recordings. And there is still a considerable backlog of her 78s, both acoustic and electric, which allow us to hope for the issuance of still more items on LP, whether by Angel or by Esoteric. Whatever the techniques in vogue, she was always electric.



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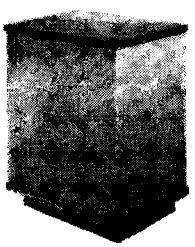

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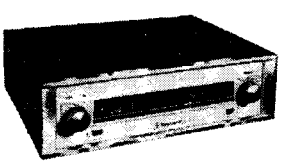

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Tapes in Review

North "German Requiem"

BRAHMS: *A German Requiem. Carl Bamberger conducting the North German Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra, with soloists Terese Stitch-Randall, soprano, James Pease, baritone.* Concert Hall stereophonic tape RX-45. $23.90.

A FERTILE source of conjecture for annotators has been the degree and kind of subjective feeling that enters into the creation of any given Requiem. In the case of Brahms, whose capacity for deep personal attachments has been better publicized than his brusquely cloaked sympathies for humankind, a facile linking of the German Requiem with his mother's death and that of Robert Schumann has tended to obscure the music's expression of a compassionate regard for the larger aspects of human fate.

To establish the personal note justly within this universal compass requires a conductor of perceptual, no less than musical, powers. It is a happy combination which Carl Bamberger brings to the present performance, and he makes of it a singularly sensitive and comprehensive statement. In this he has been aided by the finely-tempered choral and instrumental forces which appear to flourish in the North German area, and by a recording of exceptional detail and sonority.

Bamberger's skillful pacing makes for smooth transitions of mood and tempo, while a strong formal grasp holds the interplay of voices in admirable control. The baritone passages of James Pease occasionally border too nearly upon Wagnerian declamation, and the soprano tones of Terese Stitch-Randall, lovely at their best, are not uniformly well-focussed. In the matter of soloists, Columbia's Karajan version (SL 157) with Schwarzkopf and Hotter is superior, as well as more dramatic generally, but Bamberger's approach impresses me as more moving, less concerned with surface polish than with matters more germane to Brahms.

Horenstein's "Firebird"

STRAVINSKY: *"The Firebird" Suite (1919 Version). Jascha Horenstein conducting the Southwest German Radio Orchestra, Baden-Baden.* Phonotapes stereophonic S-710. $11.95.

STEREO'S ABILITY to render intact the exotic coloring of "The Firebird" was noted here recently in connection with Leonard Bernstein's performance with the New York Philharmonic (Col. IMB-3). This inherent value of stereo having already been established, it becomes easier to consider the present tape in other respects.

On an interpretative level, Horenstein's approach has a bigness and an assurance that is in sharp contrast to the cautiously-scaled, intensely personal conception of Bernstein. Where the latter's is intimate and subjective in its strongly individualized use of rubato and shading, that of Horenstein has an expansive vitality that gives an impression of being at once more dramatically arresting and better integrated.

The excellent orchestra is responsive and eloquent, possessed of textural clarity and a finesse of phrasing that make the most of the score's striking and brilliant effects. The sound has an open, luminous character related as much to Horenstein's large, easy contouring as to a processing that faithfully preserves the music's detail and color.

Life-Sized Ravel

RAVEL: *"Mother Goose" Suite. Louis Martin conducting the Pasdeloup Orchestra. "Introduction and Allegro." The same, conducting the Paris Chamber Orchestra.* Concert Hall stereophonic tape CHT/BN-24. $11.95.

ENTHUSIASTIC stereophiles occasionally do more damage to their cause than otherwise by their infatuation with the clangorous sonorities that can be unloosed by the multi-channel medium. That these are among its capabilities no one can doubt. As a musical agency, however, its truer role is not simply to inflate, but to expose, the tonal effects incorporated in a musical work. Thus a more searching test of its powers is offered by music of the present sort.

Together these works of Ravel contain some of the most urbane and sensuous passages to illuminate the pages of Impressionism. It is a persuasive argument for stereo that it is able to convey such aural imagery untarnished. The transparent, not too sonorous, characteristically French sound of the respective ensembles deals lucidly with the imaginative conceits Ravel wrote into his little tableaux, and equally with the insinuating harmonies of the "Introduction and Allegro."

For his own part, conductor Martin proceeds with a sure grasp of what he is about, attentive to accent and balance, but without forcing the sinuous musical line. Among the few recordings of the Suite now available, no interpretation matches Ansermet's London disc (LL 388). As a recording, it is quite old and, alas, not on stereo.

Three Man "Exhibition"

MUSSORGSKY-RAVEL: *"Pictures at an Exhibition." Walter Goehr conducting the Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra.* Concert Hall stereophonic tape. CHT/BN-3. $11.95.

AT ONE TIME or another quite a number of conductors have turned their hand to recording this music: there is no dearth of conducting styles to choose from in the LP catalogue. Concert Hall's present tape release offers, in addition to its special stereo assets, a thoughtful, extremely careful treatment by Goehr with the novel quality of understatement.

Whether this was Goehr's intention is not possible to say, but that is the impression conveyed by an exposition more deliberately paced than usual. A meticulous care for detail, admirable in itself, results in a performance that, although by no means flaccid, lacks something of the sweep and energy one normally expects.

This concern for musical niceties makes for a slight unevenness in the overall projection, but one is inclined to forgive this in view of Goehr's affectionate handling of Ravel's orchestration, the full resplendence of which can only be adequately reproduced by stereo. The sound is big, grandly sonorous, and unmarred by the rigid, hard-driven effect that frequently afflicts disced recordings when the channels are heavily loaded.

—MILDRED NORTON.

Goehr—"meticulous care for detail."

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Last of the Liszteans

Continued from page 34

virtuosity compensate for small deviations from "perfect symmetry." He attacks all acrobatic passages with colossal skill and the courage of a tightrope walker. Needless to say, he wrote these complicated figurations for his own hands.

Some of these qualities are captured on the new Camden LP, *e.g.*, in Rosenthal's own version of the Strauss "Blue Danube Waltz." The river flows smoothly despite intricate pianistic reefs and rapids. Dated 1928, the record bears an intriguing resemblance to another rendition made about the same time for Electrola (HMV). The two interpretations are so identical that they synchronize even in their rhythmical punctuation. The major work in this collection, however, is the Chopin B minor Sonata (1939), a first release. The recording leaves no doubt that Rosenthal was then seventy-seven. Its defective musical and technical sectionalization reveals in many convulsive sequences the artist's struggle with the limitations of his age. In certain measures the pedal is used to hide the sad truth. The Chopin-Liszt-Rosenthal rendition of "Chant Polonaise" (1942) is almost as regrettable. Even in the unsophisticated Handel "Variations" (1939), instead of finding "all the superior qualities," as the blurb would have us believe, we actually hear the master's last gasps.

IT IS a pity that the only now available record presents Rosenthal largely during his last years. There is enough material on hand for a second and better recording, which would not only offer us what is missing in the present release but would show this Camden LP in a more balanced perspective. And Rosenthal is not the only great exponent of Liszt who could and should be perpetuated on modern LPs. Other remarkable pupils of Liszt are waiting in limbo for their joint recital: Vianna da Motta, who made six records for Pathé; Emil von Sauer, whose best creations could be selected from a wider field; Frederic Lamond—so little known today; and also D'Albert, with at least twenty discs dating from 1912 to 1923, to mention only a few. If the legal barrier could be removed, many forgotten recordings would come to light and illuminate for posterity the faded profiles of great keyboard masters who, like Rosenthal, belonged to the pianistic aristocracy of the past.

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Recordings Reports: Pre-recorded Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"A Stereophonic Study in Double Chorus." David Randolph conducting the Masterwork Chorus of Morristown, N.J. Sonotape SWB 8020. $11.95.	It has remained for modern stereophony adequately to reproduce the vaulting and intricate vocal music of the High Renaissance. In this exquisite album, both singers and technicians have worked to achieve the airy, spacious effect of echo and distance required by these antiphonal pieces of Schuetz, Allegri, Lotti, Lasso and Monteverdi, originally designed for separate choruses stationed in various parts of the church so their voices might rebound from the soaring Gothic arches. The quality of performance is high, the voices smooth, rich, supple enough to entertain the involutions of what is occasionally nine- and ten-part writing.
Debussy: "La Mer." Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor CCS-54. $10.95.	It is not easy to put one's finger on precisely what elements this performance lacks, but among them are the allusive undertones which give this music its protean character. Munch's usually perceptive approach to French music here seems rather too glib to more than scratch the surface, and the resulting opacity, not so much of texture as of ideation, suggests that the limitations sensed in the discing (RCA LM 2111) have failed, in this case, to be resolved on stereo.
Berlioz: "Roman Carnival" Overture. Wagner: Overture to "Die Meistersinger." The Symphony of the Air. Concertapes 510. $7.95.	The fine teamwork and homogeneous ensemble tone of this orchestra equip it to make the most of these dramatically brilliant works. The group, as everyone knows, was formerly the NBC Symphony, with nearly two decades of performance under Toscanini. The present recording, made shortly after his retirement, is without conductor, but the technical precision, sonority, and musical propulsion speak eloquently of his influence.
Brahms: Symphony No. 1. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor GCS-42. $18.95.	Although the recording is somewhat coarse grained for stereo, heightened definition and sonority mark this tape release of Munch's efforts over the recent disc (RCA LM 2097). Brahms' close-textured writing profits from the reproductive clarity of stereo as well as from the lucid French temperament of Munch, whose detailed and songful statement would rate unqualified approval if the final movement had been up to the level of the rest. Here, however, he is no match for Toscanini's encompassing drive (RCA LM 1702), although I personally prefer Munch's more relaxed handling of the slow movement.
Brahms: "Alto Rhapsody." Grace Hoffman, alto, with Carl Bamberger conducting the North German Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra. "Tragic Overture," with the same conductor and orchestra. Concert Hall HX-39. $11.95.	A recording of exceptional depth and clarity, in which Bamberger suavely manipulates his excellent forces. Miss Hoffman sings with intelligence and fine dramatic feeling, in a voice of amplitude, warmth, and the cello-like richness appropriate to this deeply personal expression of Brahms. The chorus lends additional vocal dimension to the superb equilibrium Bamberger maintains throughout. A well-modelled, incisive performance of the Tragic Overture suggests that he can also drive with a tight rein when the music itself requires.
Demonstration Tape. Ampex Catalog No. AT-17.	For those who would like to know a little more about stereotape before investing in that second speaker and amplifier, Ampex Audio has now brought out a very persuasive demonstrator reel which can only be listened to at your hi-fi dealers. This offers musical excerpts from the tape catalogs of RCA, Concertapes, Livingston, and Omegatape, and the superior quality of reproduction these reveal might easily prove to be the clinching argument.
Gershwin: Piano Concerto in F. Sondra Bianca, piano, with Walter Goehr conducting the New Symphony Society Orchestra. Concert Hall CHT/BM-30. $11.95.	Miss Bianca plays fluently enough, and her approach makes for good, if not particularly inspired, Gershwin, but bad mechanical arrangements have resulted in a close, pinched sound in the recording. Either the piano pickup was at fault, or uneven mixing has removed most of the keyboard resonance, imposing instead a hard, wooden tone save when the pedal is invoked. Goehr and the orchestra suffer from similar mechanical errata, with the orchestra frequently over-balancing the soloist.
Handel: "Water Music," complete. Carl Bamberger conducting the Frankfurt Opera Orchestra. Concert Hall CHT/BN-14. $17.90.	Precisely how many of the pieces that ultimately comprised this ingratiating music were actually written for a royal boating party down the Thames is not important, for all are replete with buoyant melodies that continue to lighten the heart. Bamberger conducts with a nice sense of rightness that achieves a bright feeling within the less furiously driven tempi of a more leisurely age. The orchestra tone is also admirable, being neither too orotund nor affectedly reedy, and the contrapuntal forces are deftly balanced. Despite its cost, this release can take a ranking position among current recordings of the complete work, owing to stereo's ability to suggest the open air sweetness, the distance and enchantment of the original setting.
Khachaturian: "Gayne" Ballet Highlights. Herman Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Sonotape SWB-7008. $6.95.	In these five selections from the ballet, Scherchen accentuates instrumental effects not customarily given such prominence, but this unorthodox treatment unveils an unsuspectedly wide and various range of color. His tempi are brisk but his exposition is musicianly, well-modelled. The orchestra plays with lively effect, and while the exotic timbres have a slight edginess in crescendi, the dynamic balance, on the whole, is well maintained. The tape itself is correspondingly vital.
Liszt: "Berceuse," "Apparition No.1," "Vallée d'Obermann." Iren Marik, piano. Zodiac. ZST-1004. $11.95.	Miss Marik brings nice musical feeling to these pieces, as well as a full complement of technical facility. Her playing is large-scaled and fluent, her attacks sure and her phrasing sensitive. Below mezzoforte her tone is pearly, but above this range it becomes slightly unresonant, which operates against her full effectiveness in the more bravura passages. The tape is clean and quiet.
Stereophonic Alignment Tape. Sonotape SWB-AL 101. $11.95.	A practical and comprehensive guide for adjusting your stereotape reproducing equipment that gives step-by-step directions for achieving correct track placement, frequency equalization, and proper speaker placement, as well as checking for balance, distortion, and transient response. Despite these awesome terms, everything is on an easy-to-follow, non-technical plane that provides a valuable reference whenever corrective measures seem indicated.
Strauss: "Tales of the Vienna Woods," etc. Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra. Mercury MDS5-4. $12.95.	The effect of sensitive musicianship upon these much abused pieces is salutary and exhilarating. Barbirolli's conducting of them combines rhythmic potency with expressive shading and an infectious lilt that add up to an admirably styled performance. The orchestra offers all-out cooperation, and the tape is technically fine.
Waldteufel: "España." Granados: "Spanish Dance No. 5," etc. Fred Hausdoerfer conducting the Varieton Concert Orchestra. Concert Hall CHT/BM-27. $11.95.	These several pieces are purveyed with a briskness that for some listeners may justify the album's title of "In the Spanish Mood," but to my ears the performance of each seems stamped out by the same cookie cutter. Completely lacking is the swift transition between languor and fire that gives to popular Spanish music its characteristic effect of spontaneity and caprice. —Mildred Norton.

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Seated One Day

SOME years ago, I think, I referred to the way in which history so often endows pipe organists with names which suit their mighty machines. Some organists, of course, are simply styled. The name Carl Weinrich might perfectly well suggest a second trumpet or a green grocer. Charles M. Courboin might describe a simple *avocat*. On the other hand, one would scarcely expect a man named Melchiore Mauro-Cottone to play the ocarina or hang out his shingle as a foot doctor. He is clearly at the pipe organ. So is Sidney Dark. So is T. Tertius Noble. So is the most organic name of them all—S. Gordon Thunder—a name which rolls so appropriately through the nave that I sometimes think I must have invented it. But I did not.

When it comes to the Hammond organ, that relatively modest instrument which can easily be installed in the common parlor or roadhouse, one would not hope to find such resonant names at the console. Indeed, in view of the use many Hammond players make of the tremulously sentimental possibilities of their device, one might suppose them to be named Renfrew or Hyacinthe. The best Hammond player I have heard in jazz (eclipsing for me even the late Fats Waller and Count Basie) is Jimmy Smith. Disdaining volume and schmalz, he uses the organ with great tact and reserve, with insinuating sustained chords under the horns, brisk "comping" (the modern jazz term for rhythmic chordal accompaniment) and an occasional sharp punctuation in an acid timbre that has an electric effect. In short, he treats the organ not as a box of multi-colored moanings and heavings, but as a discreetly supporting and propulsive part of a jazz band. In his newest LP, "A Date With Jimmy Smith" (Blue Note 1548), he works mostly behind and underneath some of the best men in the vigorous modern New York school: Donald Byrd, trumpet; Lou Donaldson, alto sax; Hank Mobley, tenor sax; Art Blakey, drums; plus a warmly delightful, unfamiliar guitarist, Eddie McFadden. One entire side of this record is given over to a splendid middle tempo exploration of Duke Ellington's "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart."

Last summer, in the Walker Art Center of Minneapolis, the redoubtable trumpeter Paul "Doc" Evans presided over three outdoor concerts of Dixieland jazz from which have come three LPs constituting a resumé of early jazz classics played in traditional style (Soma MG 1209-10-11). Evans's cohorts included John W. "Knocky" Parker, chairman of the English Department of Kentucky Wesleyan College, on the piano. The program begins with the cakewalk "Whistlin' Rufus" by Kerry Mills, better known as the composer of "At a Georgia Camp Meeting." There are then excursions into ragtime and the New Orleans and Chicago canons. Listening to all this today, I have mixed emotions. Evans and company play infectiously, with lightness and spirit. There is no solemn pedantry, and it is good to have these jazz classics rendered with so much ease and understanding, and recorded with such fidelity. Yet the fact remains that I would rather hear earlier recorded versions of most of the numbers. Almost all of them have been waxed by early masters, often the creators of the numbers themselves, and in a pristine musical atmosphere. There is no reason in the world why men like Evans and Bob Scobey should not continue to play in the Dixieland idiom they know and love so well, why they should not continue to give any amount of musical pleasure. But there must inevitably be a question as to the value of their recordings as against the performances already on the shelves.

In this connection, it should be noticed that the whole golden series of recordings for the Library of Congress by the late Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton are now available on twelve re-mastered LPs (Riverside RLP 9001-9002). For the benefit of latecomers to jazz literature, I would say that this wonderful piano playing, singing, and conversation about the New Orleans past represents to the pious a substantial part of the Old Testament. Even with excellent remastering, the technical quality of the recording often leaves much to be desired. This will concern no one who truely cares about the music. The albums are lined with cogent explanatory material by Martin Williams, and should be supplemented by a reading of Alan Lomax's ineffable volume of musical history, "Mister Jelly Roll."

—WILDER HOBSON.

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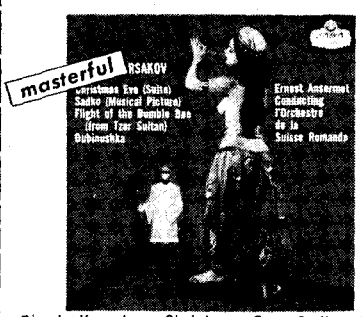

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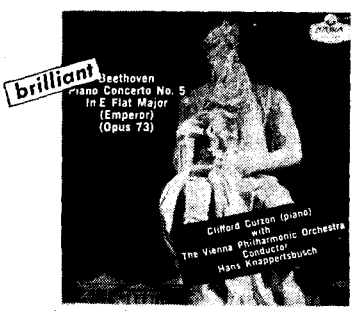

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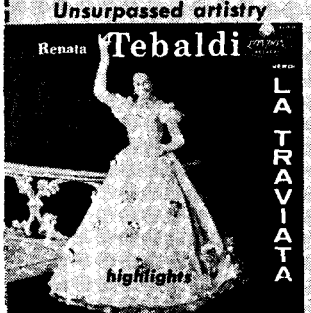

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THE OTHER SIDE

TRIUMPH FOR KLEMPERER

LONDON.

APART from Covent Garden's "Ring" cycles under Kempe—by general consent the finest heard in London for nearly twenty years—two events have served to secure the current autumn season a lasting place in our memories: Klemperer's Beethoven cycle at the Festival Hall and Lotte Lehmann's series of master-classes at Wigmore Hall. A greater contrast could hardly be visualized! On the South Bank the austere Klemperer conducted the Philharmonia in deeply thought-out and meticulously rehearsed performances of the nine symphonies, the five piano concertos (with Arrau as soloist), and the Violin Concerto (Tossy Spivakowsky), as well as assorted overtures, before packed audiences ready to acclaim him as a paragon of virtues—Furtwängler and Toscanini rolled into one, if such a blend were possible—while, in the more intimate surroundings of the old recital room, informal charm plus more than a little nostalgia proved to be the order of the day.

The near-veneration with which a large slice of London's concert public now regards Dr. Klemperer is a strange phenomenon when one remembers that, only a few seasons ago, most of his followers were barely aware of his existence and that, apart from his striking, gaunt appearance, he has nothing whatever to offer to those who attend concerts in search of visual as well as aural excitement. In many ways, therefore, his success proves that our postwar generation of music-lovers finds personal glamour a poor substitute for artistic integrity and, were it not carried to excess, I should be inclined to regard this Klemperer-worship as an encouraging manifestation. As things are, I feel that the answer is to be found less in his own positive qualities than in the depressing mediocrity of most of his rivals at the present time.

Granted that he is a sterling and singleminded artist who knows just what he wants and how to achieve it, granted too that his Beethoven performances are never routine affairs but invariably hold our interest and rarely fail to shed new light or to provoke thought. What I do miss, however, is intuitive genius, a vital spark which ensures that the performance shall be greater than the sum of its splendidly rehearsed parts. Whenever I listen to Klemperer I sense a certain caution, a suggestion even of pedantry, and as a result his readings interest me but I remain unconvinced by their frequently unconventional tempi and emphases. The Ninth Symhpony, which brought the cycle to a triumphant conclusion amid tumultuous acclaim (and the presentation of laurel wreaths, which clearly embarrassed their recipient), is a typical case in point: here was a performance more thoughtful and better prepared than any Londoners had heard since the war. The playing of the Philharmonia was beyond praise and the contribution of the new Philharmonia Chorus (trained by Wilhelm Pitz, of Bayreuth fame, and appearing in public for the first time) proved to be of sensational quality. The gifted solo quartet (Nordmo-Lövberg, Christa Ludwig, Kmentt, and Hotter) were not always masters of the situation, but they fared better than most. Yet it was not until the Finale, when the chorus set the evening ablaze, that the performance ceased to sound overdeliberate and began to storm the heavens.

As a matter of fact, this performance of the Ninth Symphony, or one very like it, has been earmarked for posterity, as it were, since Columbia recorded it during the following week so that it might take its place at the apex of Klemperer's complete Beethoven set with the Philharmonia. Lotte Lehmann's master-classes, on the other hand, will have to live on unaided in our memories, though the BBC did eavesdrop at two of the sessions devoted to "Der Rosenkavalier" and Third Program listeners will be able to hear edited recordings shortly after Christmas. Professional musicians, students, and critics are of course well aware that, more often than not, rehearsals or classes are apt to be far more stimulating and revealing than finished performances, but Lotte Lehmann's sessions (which were arranged by Joan Cross's Opera School for its students) attracted in addition many ordinary opera and concertgoers eager to revive treasured memories of the inter-war years and others, too young to have seen Lehmann on the stage, whom she had captivated solely by her records.

New December issues from EMI include the Schwarzkopf/Karajan "Rosenkavalier" on Columbia-Angel, an excellent performance in many respects in which, however, "the lady

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doth protest too much, methinks"; HMV offers another "liberated" Savoy Opera, "The Mikado," conducted by Sargent and with a cast similar to that of its recent "Gondoliers," as well as the five Beethoven cello sonatas played by Piatigorsky and Solomon (who, sad to relate, is still partly paralyzed following a long and severe illness, and whose future as a performer remains shrouded in uncertainty), an odd disc entitled "The Art of Guido Cantelli," which consists of isolated movements from familiar symphonic recordings—I should have thought that a miscellany of this type would scarcely appeal to those able to discriminate between the work of different conductors—and, best of all, "Lollipops: Favorite Pieces of Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., C.H." After hearing these superb performances I should not have cared had the title been "Beecham's Pills," and it is good to hear that Sir Thomas's prolonged absence from these shores, grievously as it impoverishes our concert-going, has not kept him from the studio: recently the Royal Philharmonic joined him on the continent and spent much time making records in Paris. Some half-dozen Haydn symphonies were committed to tape, and it is said that Sir Thomas's future plans will involve several famous French operas, among them—keep your fingers crossed!—"The Trojans."

DECCA'S much-publicized set of the Third Act of "Die Walküre," which also includes the "Todesverkündigung" from Act 2, is sure to be a focus of interest in Wagner-orientated households this Christmas, for the recording is full of excitement despite Edelmann's prosaic and undersized Wotan (after Hotter's cataclysmic rage and melting tenderness, he sounds more like a bank-manager discussing a proposed overdraft). Although it was the desire to preserve Flagstad's Brünnhilde even at this late stage which provided the impetus for this project, and she is in wonderful form apart from some anxious, overcareful top-notes, the outstanding feature of the set is the glorious playing of the Vienna Philharmonic under Georg Solti. Despite some unorthodox tempi, the Hungarian conductor emerges as a Wagnerian to be reckoned with: his reading shows none of the current trend towards understatement and the sound he draws from the orchestra, especially from brass and strings, is something to marvel at. Marianne Schech is a fair Sieglinde, though nowhere near as fine as Covent Garden's Sylvia Fisher, but Svanholm remains one of the best of present-day Siegmunds despite his inability to produce any really beautiful sounds. Flagstad's Brünnhilde shows greater warmth and tenderness than of old.

Decca's December list proper features "Andrea Chénier" with Mario del Monaco in the title-rôle, Renata Tebaldi as Maddalena di Coigny, and Ettore Bastianini as Carlo Gérard; Gianandrea Gavazzeni conducts the chorus and orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome, and the performance is splendidly recorded on a pair of twelve-inch discs. Singers like del Monaco, Tebaldi, and Bastianini do need a firm hand as well as greater help from the orchestra in building up dramatic tension if their fine voices are to be heard to best advantage. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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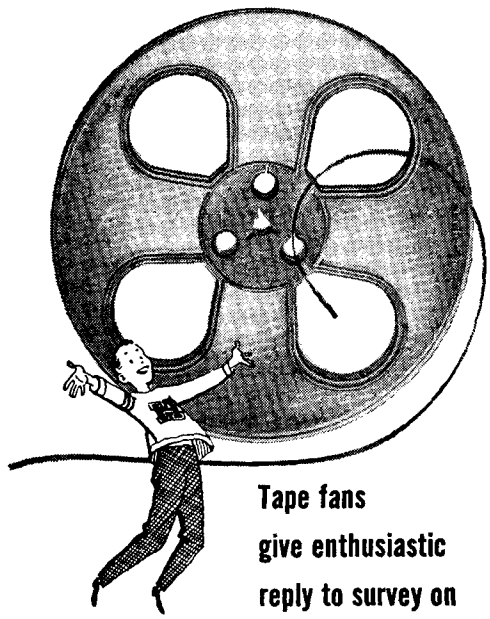

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A GREAT DEAL of interest has been expressed recently in archaic music, much of which is historically interesting rather than intrinsically worthwhile. I have no quarrel with extensive representation of our musical heritage. The amount of time, ability, and concern which went into the performance of this music is out of all proportion to its value, though, and one is painfully reminded of the condition of modern music, which is performed and recorded infrequently and usually not well.

Particularly disturbing to me was the paucity of musical content in *Edi beo thu hevene quene.* This song is strophic; that is, the melody is repeated with slight or no alteration for each stanza of text. In addition, the basic melody contains an inordinate amount of repetition within itself. There are eight stanzas. The rhythms are not slow, fortunately, but only two tenor voices are employed, and each sings a highly restricted conjunct line. This adds up to eight uses of very sparse material. Denis Stevens, who writes the liner notes, invites us into the area of absolute value by saying "By any standards, this song is an unqualified masterpiece." Despite the invitation, which I find welcome, I am afraid that a great deal more discussion and thought would have to be given this song before giving such approval.

The singing throughout the album is splendid, especially Oberlin's, whose high tenor voice (called counter- or contratenor) goes much above the ordinary male range and is possessed of wondrously exact intonation. His highest tones on *Thomas gemma cantuarie / Thomas cesus in doviria* are magnificent. (The relationship between the two simultaneously performed texts and the instruments and voices is worth noting here.)

When the music requires moments of passion, however, the voices are frequently too intense and employ a vibrato which is considerably too fast. This is not as offensive on *Beata viscera,* which has an exultant flavor, as it is elsewhere. The viol players, incidentally, merely perform what is written for them and can hardly be chastised for their continual droning.

—WILLIAM RUSSO.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

SOPRANOS AND VAN DIEREN

MAY I REPLY briefly to two letters in LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR (*SR* Nov. 30)? Mr. John Gehl III points out that "many of the faithful reject the claim of *ALL THREE* ("Maria, Renata, and Zinka") to the "title of 'world's greatest soprano'." But no one has called any one of the three that, at least in the pages of *SR*. I chose my words carefully when (*SR* Apr. 13) I called Maria Callas "the most accomplished soprano actress of our time." Just as certainly as I believe her to be exactly that, I do not believe that any one is the "world's greatest soprano." The difference is what makes all the difference! Secondly, I appreciate Mr. Michael Scher's nominating me to write an article on Bernard Van Dieren. But when, reviewing the Schwann catalogue, I asked for a recording of "anything" by Van Dieren, I did so precisely because, though I had heard about him for years, I had never heard any of his music (though I have read and reread his delightful book, "Down Among the Dead Men"). Both the latest Schwann and all sections of the Clough-Cuming Encyclopedia still being void of his music, I am totally unable to comment on it—for, of course, no one plays it. I don't know that Van Dieren is—or was—important, but I do know that I cannot write about him and that I should happily read almost anything new by anyone who could.

HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

New York, N. Y.

PEERLESS STEBER

RE JOHN GEHL III's letter from New Orleans on the subject of "Maria, Renata, and Zinka," I agree with him almost to a word. Yes, there are plenty of operagoers who have their own candidates and here is one. I consider that Eleanor Steber has no peer in her realm. The major record companies must be suffering from a blind spot or mental block.

MRS. PAUL W. HICKS.

Drexel Hill, Pa.

CLASSICS BY TEBALDI

I WOULD SUGGEST that when Mr. Gehl has nothing better to do he sit down and listen to Miss Tebaldi's recording of classic songs and arias. For someone who has a poor vocal technique she seems to do rather well. And I happen to be among the staunchest admirers of Los Angeles, Schwarzkopf, and plenty of other modern singers.

WILLIAM BOLSTER.

Detroit, Mich.

KULLMAN-THORBORG

SR'S REVIEW (Nov. 30) of the new "Das Lied von Der Erde" compares the work of the soloists, unfavorably, with the earlier "high standard" set by Julius Patzak and Kathleen Ferrier, but no reference is made to a still earlier recording in which the vocal parts were taken by Charles Kullman and Kerstin Thorborg. Granted that Ferrier equals or even surpasses the Thorborg "standard," this listener finds the Patzak performance far inferior to that of Kullman.

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The sound, alas, is equally inferior in the earlier edition.*

TO HAYDN COLLECTORS

I AM PUBLISHING the collected letters of Joseph Haydn in London in 1959. May I ask any library or private collector who owns Haydn letters to get in touch with me.

H. C. ROBBINS LANDON.

Eitelbergergasse 13,
Vienna XIII, Austria.

IN QUEST OF ALBANESE

HAS RCA VICTOR any plans for recording additional complete operas or operatic excerpts with Licia Albanese? It seems to me a grievous sin of omission that the greatest vocal actress of her time should not be allowed to record in its entirety one of her most famous roles, "Madama Butterfly," not to speak of "Tosca" (at least its second act, of which her broadcast this year was dramatically by far the finest I have ever heard) or "Suor Angelica" and "La Rondine," which might be unique and delightful albums. Or, for that matter, "La Traviata," under proper aural conditions. Actually, "Butterfly" would best have been done before now. The voice may not be consistently as beautiful as it once was, but a recording can catch it at its best (witness Zinka Milanov in the "Forza" excerpts); the singer is a magnificent artist, as anyone who has heard her best recordings, stretching back to 1937, and broadcasts will know. Why, incidentally, has no one seen fit to re-issue on LP the famous Gigli-Albanese recording of "La Boheme" made during that year?

If I praise Albanese highly, it is because I feel she merits it, now, for her dramatic accomplishments and lovely voice, as much as ever. I don't feel her greatness, in what is apparently a Zinka-Renata-Maria and now Anita era, has been properly evaluated. *Tempus fugit!* Nineteen-sixty will mark Miss Albanese's twentieth year at the Metropolitan.

LONDON G. GREEN.

Hermosa Beach, Calif.

THANKS TO HOBSON

DEAR MR. HOBSON: I felt I must congratulate you on your article in *SR* Nov. 16. Few people have given John Coltrane the recognition he deserves. I am glad to see you are a man after my own heart.

I thank you for informing me of his album. I appreciate your good description of his style, for I had been searching for those very words. You are to be congratulated on your fine column and the

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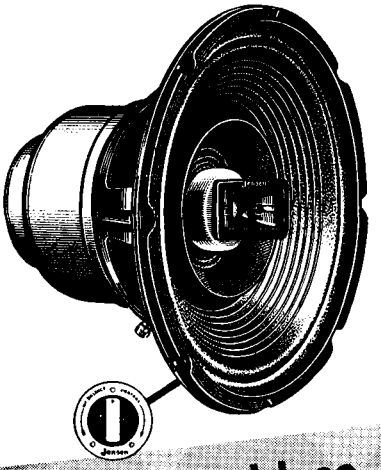

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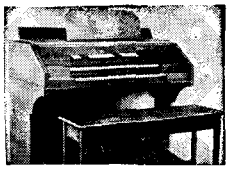

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piece on my favorite tenor-player, John Coltrane.

STEPHEN FLICK,
Age fourteen.

Benicia, Calif.

MORE ON FRIEDMAN

IN REVIEWING Abram Chasins's "Speaking of Pianists" (*SR* Nov. 26), Jan Holcman mentioned the fact that Ignatz Friedman had "left us a good number of electrical recordings, some of the highest merit." We know a number of people, amongst them ourselves, who would give a good deal to hear his magnificent playing once more. Will you please ask Mr. Holcman where we can buy these records?

CARRIE FRYER.

Monterey, Calif.

WORD OF PRAISE

I'D JUST LIKE to add my own word of praise for RCA-Camden's recent reissues. "The Art of Ponselle" was excellent, and the brand new Ezio Pinza album is also fine. As for reissues that I would personally like to see put out on the label: the Lily Pons-DeLuca duets of the late 1930s; Friedrich Schorr's "Meistersinger" recordings; the wonderful Nile Scene from "Aida" by Lauri-Volpi, Rethberg, and DeLuca; and perhaps albums featuring Elisabeth Schumann, Toti Dal Monte, Marion Talley, Marguerite Matzenauer, and many of Victor's 1920 vintage recordings of Mary Garden, Edward Johnson, and others.

DONALD RUDE.

Wichita, Kansas.

SUMPTUOUS PONSELLE

IN VIEW OF THE vastly rewarding competition so often noted in these pages, shouldn't some mention be made of the most embarrassing record of 1957? My nomination is RCA Victor LM-2047, Rosa Ponselle's second recital. Ponselle's soprano, not so much a voice as a light or a liquid held with a mastery just as solid as it is sumptuous, makes me doubt the much-hailed splendors of the present Metropolitan "renaissance." I wonder if our standards haven't seriously changed —for the worse.

WALTER SCHMUCKER, JR.

Dallas, Tex.

OVERDUPLICATION

I IMAGINE THAT the minority that can afford only a single recording of a single work will have to sit by patiently for a good recording of "La Gioconda," "The Tales of Hoffmann," and other neglected though worthy works until three or four more pressings of "Aida," "Tosca," and "Cavalleria Rusticana" are made available for the well-to-do.

JOHN BROW.

Chicago, Ill.

MORE COMPLETE OPERAS

WHY DOES NOT RCA Victor recognize its artistic responsibility by using more of its operatic stars on more complete opera recordings? Certainly a complete "Forza del Destino," probably Verdi's greatest opera, should be made with our probably greatest living interpretor: Zinka Milanov. Victor also has Peerce, Warren, Barbieri, and Christoff, who could add to make the project outstanding. And why not Licia Albanese in a complete "La Rondine" and Mme. Milanov as "La Gioconda"? The available complete recordings of these operas seem to me to be high-school efforts compared to what Victor could do—but does not. Any company that puts out a complete "Lohengrin" certainly should have a "Forza."

THOMAS POWELL.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1240

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Producing two colors; said of chemicals which act on litmus paper.	130 153 70 108 7 105 28 45 84 98 138
B. The sea lavender; the horseradish tree.	75 31 67 64 94
C. Fauna and flora of the deep-sea bottom.	1 179 110 81 90 95 48
D. Vascular layer of the skin and mucous membranes.	184 54 160 46 62 72 116
E. Power of plants to grow toward the light.	17 112 128 24 142 104 78 173 3 162
F. A Little Russian.	167 2 39 5 33 8 87
G. To emerge as winner in conversation.	186 143 85 124 47 40 139
H. Blossoms known as Dutchman's breeches.	73 59 41 21 136 118 96 49 183 16
I. In accordance with fact.	38 115 4 148 154 12 66 42 185
J. Enclosed in growing fences.	76 15 25 53 92 35 109 150
K. Surname, Keats's beloved "Fanny."	122 36 68 51 34 77
L. Industrial, shipping, and poor district of London (2 wds.).	140 61 177 69 37 157 121
M. A bodyguard of the Frankish princes 5th to 7th cents.	161 181 30 129 172 114 111 189 22 168
N. Gathered certain fruit.	63 119 175 190 6 9
O. Cast down in spirit.	50 83 171 178 151 144
P. Very thin or slight (in tone).	174 86 131 57 137 65 158
Q. Convenient; deft; Amer. composer of blues.	56 100 146 182 170
R. Former stylized comedian.	169 43 147 32 149 97
S. Cause to cease temporarily.	29 99 20 26 23 187 166 127 55
T. Vague, unsubstantial.	163 52 103 141 165 107 58
U. Site of a horrible concentration camp, World War II.	176 89 117 10 60 44 132 155
V. The 15th-cent. knight "sans peur et sans reproche."	135 156 134 159 14 101
W. Illustrator, frequent cover artist, contemporary; esp. for *The New Yorker*.	180 133 11 164 145 120 152 102
X. Saved through a sacrifice.	88 18 188 106 123 126 113 80
Y. German composer, founded Music School in N.Y. City, 1891.	13 19 82 74 71 27 125 79 93 91

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 C	2 F	3 E		4 I	5 F	6 N		7 A	8 F	9 N	10 U	11 W	12 I	13 Y
	14 V	15 J	16 H	17 E	18 X	19 Y	20 S		21 H	22 M	23 S		24 E	25 J	26 S	
27 Y	28 A	29 S	30 M	31 B		32 R	33 F	34 K		35 J	36 K	37 L	38 I	39 F	40 G	41 H
	42 I	43 R	44 U	45 A	46 D	47 G	48 C	49 H	50 O		51 K	52 T	53 J	54 D		55 S
56 Q	57 P	58 T		59 H	60 U	61 L	62 D	63 N	64 B	65 P		66 I	67 B	68 K	69 L	
70 A	71 Y	72 D	73 H		74 Y	75 B	76 J	77 K		78 E	79 Y	80 X		81 C	82 Y	83 O
	84 A	85 G	86 P	87 F	88 X	89 U		90 C	91 Y	92 J		93 Y	94 B	95 C	96 H	97 R
	98 A	99 S		100 Q	101 V	102 W	103 T	104 E	105 A	106 X		107 T	108 A	109 J	110 C	
111 M	112 E	113 X		114 M	115 I	116 D		117 U	118 H	119 N	120 W	121 L		122 K	123 X	
124 G	125 Y	126 X	127 S	128 E	129 M	130 A	131 P	132 U	133 W	134 V		135 V	136 H	137 P	138 A	139 G
140 L	141 T		142 E	143 G	144 O		145 W	146 Q	147 R		148 I	149 R	150 J		151 O	152 W
153 A	154 I		155 U	156 V	157 L	158 P		159 V		160 D	161 M	162 E	163 T		164 W	165 T
166 S	167 F	168 M	169 R	170 Q		171 O	172 M	173 E	174 P		175 N	176 U		177 L	178 O	179 C
	180 W	181 M	182 Q		183 H	184 D	185 I	186 G	187 S	188 X		189 M	190 N			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 4 of this issue.

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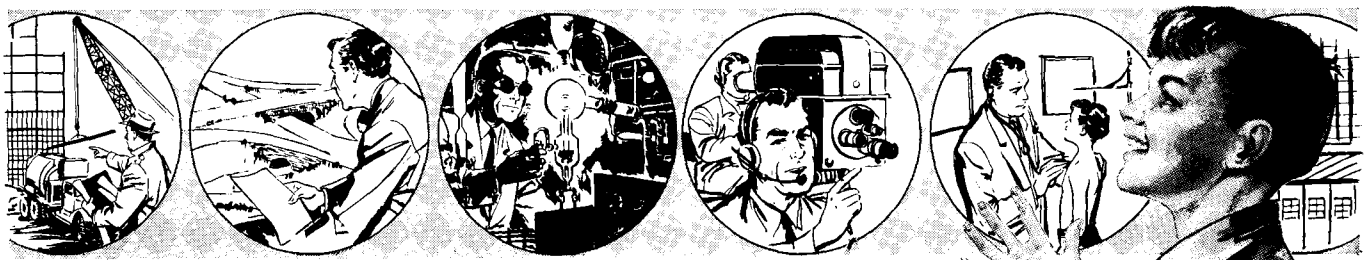

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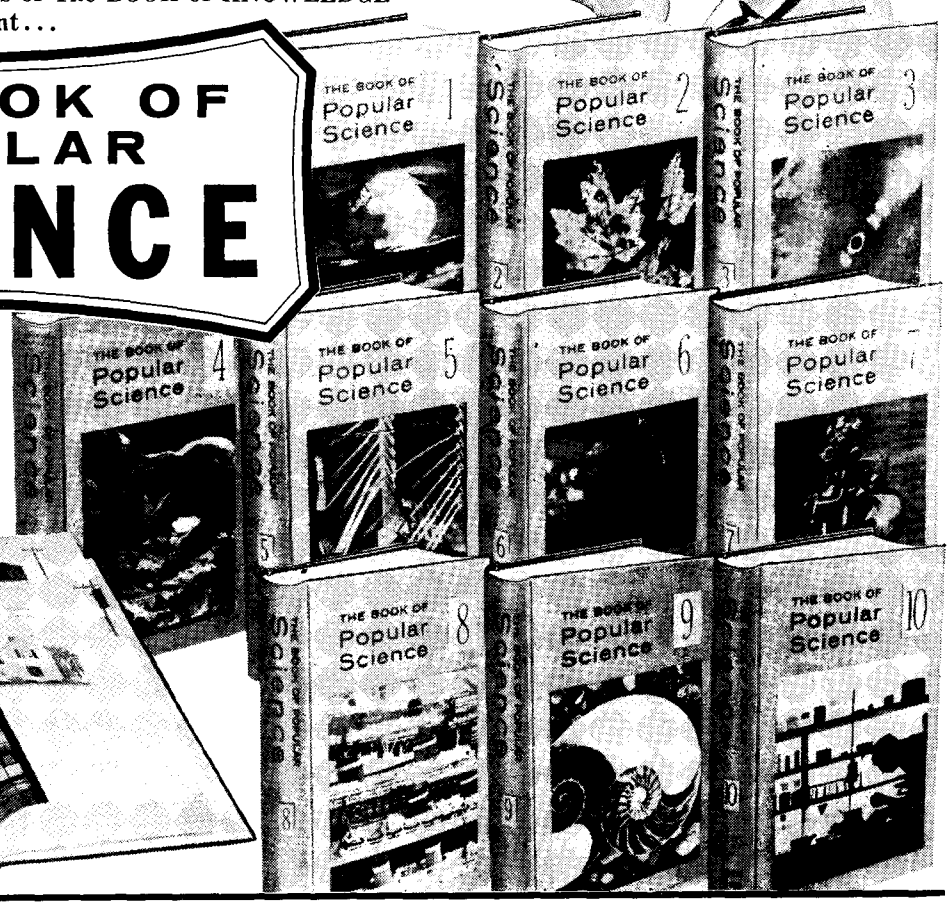
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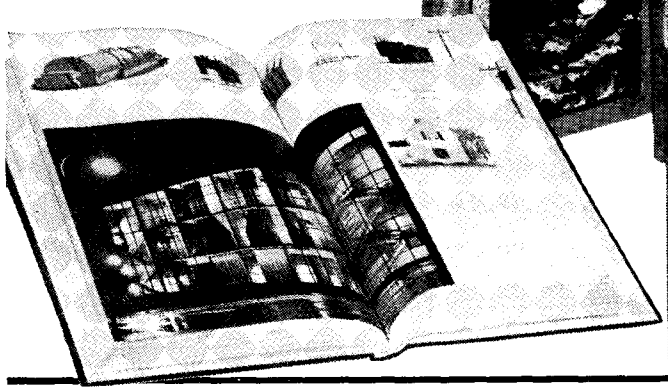

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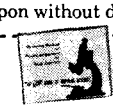

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